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Guerilla Raids and Punitive Reprisals

THE guerilla war between the E.T.U. and the electrical contractors, which directly affects only thirty thousand men, is a comparatively small skirmish in the wages campaign now being conducted by unions that represent five million workers. Yet, for two reasons, it has attracted at least as much attention as the claims of the engineers, railwaymen and miners. The first is the unorthodox tactics employed by the E.T.U.; the second is the strong Communist influence on the union leadership, and the consequent allegation that the electricians are being used as rather reluctant pawns in a political game.

Both these features of the dispute have a certain interest. They have been used, however, to confuse the issue and to exaggerate its importance. There is nothing peculiarly wicked about a guerilla strike; it has to be judged, like any other strike, by its results. So far as the union is concerned, if it succeeds it has done so at less expense, and probably at less cost to the economy, than a straightforward "all-out" stoppage. If it fails, on the other hand, its defeat may demoralise those union members who have been called out, and weaken the position of the union leadership. Such considerations, no doubt, have been taken into account by Mr. Foulkes and Mr. Stevens: the Court of Inquiry, last October, spoke of "their desire to bring the maximum pressure on the employers at a minimum cost to themselves." They may now be finding, as the decision to bring out all the London men next week suggests, that their tactics are causing more trouble for the union than for the contractors, and that more orthodox and drastic methods are needed to force the employers to give way or the Government to intervene.

That is a decision that any union must make, once it is involved in a dispute, whether it is Communist-led or not. A great deal of nonsense has been talked in the Press about a Communist conspiracy designed to sabotage Defence projects and to disrupt the national economy. After hearing all that the employers' spokesmen had to say along these lines, the Court of Inquiry ruled that they had produced no evidence that the dispute had a political rather than an industrial objective. The simple fact is that the electricians are not alone in demanding wage increases or in taking strike action, as in Britain they are still free to do, if their claim is rejected.

The E.T.U. claim is not substantially different from that advanced by the engineering unions. Even if no allowance is made for the bias in the cost-of-living Index, wage-rates should be increased by 3d. an hour in London and 2½d. an hour in the country to match the rise in the Index since November, 1952, the date of the last wage-rise. This claim has now been twice through the industry's negotiating machinery; after the first deadlock, and the first strikes, last September, a Court of Inquiry was appointed. It recommended that both sides should make another effort to reach agreement. Once again, the talks broke down, and once again the E.T.U refused to have this deadlock referred to the Industrial Disputes Tribunal. Its distrust of the contractors was intensified when they made a "final offer" of 1½d. an hour—if the E.T.U. would accept a cut in the rate for the first six hours of overtime and the exclusion of a large part of Southern England from the increase. As, in practice, this would have meant a net reduction for about eight thousand men, and a net increase of only sixpence a day for the remainder, the E.T.U. turned down what it called "this insulting and humiliating offer."

As the struggle develops, public interest remains focused on the guerilla raids and the employers' reprisals, not on the real issue. Some or all of the E.T.U.'s demands have already been met by the British Electricity Authority and by many independent firms. It is the federated contractors, employing about thirty thousand union members, who will not give way, insisting that they cannot afford any wage increase, and that any concession would have serious repercussions on Britain's economy. Why should this one group of electricians be singled out, when increases that average

over seven shillings a week have been offered to the railwaymen, the London busmen, and day-wage miners, above and below ground? One possible answer is that the contractors, with the open support of the Press and the covert encouragement of the engineering employers, have chosen to start the counter-offensive against a militant union, led by Communists, which for some years has set the pace in wage-demands and is now, they think, vulnerable to their propaganda.

The Prisoners Released

There is little force in the Communist protest against the action taken by the Indian custodian force in handing back to the U.N. Command on Wednesday the 22,000 Chinese and North Korean prisoners who refuse repatriation. It is true that the planned programme of "explanations" was aborted; but this was no fault of the Indians, and indeed, after the first month, the Communist delegates themselves seemed to have abandoned any serious attempts at "explaining." On the expiry of the four-months' period, General Thimayya had manifestly no mandate from the General Assembly to continue to hold the prisoners by force; and, with the Neutral Commission at loggerheads about the prisoners' disposal, he had no option but to hand them back *as prisoners-of-war* to the U.N. Command. More debatable is that Command's action in releasing the prisoners *as civilians*. The intention of the armistice terms was undoubtely that the projected Political Conference should have an opportunity of deciding whether the anti-Communist Northerners should be released in South Korea—which means that the Chinese will be sent to join Chiang Kai-shek's forces in Formosa and the North Koreans press-ganged into Syngman Rhee's army—or should be allowed to opt for asylum in some neutral country. This reasonable option has now gone by the board; but though the Communists, who are probably less interested in recovering these doubtfully reliable citizens than in making propaganda capital out of the U.N.'s "breach of faith," will continue to argue that release of the prisoners before the Political Conference was illegitimate, the hard fact is that the Conference is as remote as ever and that, if the U.N. Command had accepted the Communist argument, the prisoners would apparently have been condemned, against all considerations of reasonable humanity, to indefinite detention.

Conference Without Optimism

Rarely can the Foreign Ministers of the Great Powers have travelled to a conference of which so little was expected in the way of fruitful results. Despatches which we print elsewhere in this issue from Correspondents in Washington and Paris suggest that the French delegation at Berlin will participate as spectators. The same is likely to be more or less true of the British; and as for the Americans, the manifest desire of Mr. Dulles is to bring to an end as soon as possible a meeting which he regards in advance as fruitless and as a time-wasting impediment to the beginning of German rearmament. On the other side, we doubt if the Russians are in the mood for substantial concessions to the demands of the State Department: their attitude will presumably be to prolong the proceedings as far as possible and, above all, to lay on Western shoulders the blame for the rupture if, as seems likely, no agreement on Germany is reached. It would be sanguine, indeed, to expect easy unanimity even on the drawing up of the agenda. If the Americans press for an immediate vote in favour of supervised free elections throughout Germany, the Russians are likely to counter with a demand for prior discussion of the general question of guarantees for European security. The Americans' difficulty will be to find a cause for breaking off the conference which will not rub French noses too brutally in the fact that U.S. policy is at all costs to secure rearmament of France's old enemy.

The Third Round in Egypt

The dissolution of the Moslem Brotherhood is the third round in Egypt's military revolution. The first—the enforced abdication of the king—was accompanied by assurances that the Junta's seizure of power was only temporary and would soon be followed by a return to representative institutions. In the second round —which came almost exactly a year ago—the Wafd, along with all other political parties, was dissolved and its funds confiscated; simultaneously, the formation of the Liberation Front as the sole legal political movement was announced. Now the Moslem Brotherhood—the only remaining force in Egypt which could challenge the regime, apart from a small but active Communist party, now safely underground—has met a similar fate. Apparently this stroke was preceded by efforts to split the Brotherhood by persuading some of its leading members to join the Liberation Front. But when it became clear that this move was opposed by the newly-elected leadership, Colonel Abdul Nasser, who is now the power behind Neguib's throne, suddenly decided to take advantage of a student demonstration in the university and dissolve the whole organisation without more ado.

This decision is the more remarkable when we recall that Nasser and one or two other of his closest associates are not only pious Moslems but one-time members of the Brotherhood. Even after the Junta seized power the Brotherhood continued to enjoy enormous prestige, particularly in the universities and schools, as the guardian of the true tradition of Islam and the leading opponent of westernisation. It now looks as though, after a period of uncertainty, the Egyptian revolution is moving along Kemalist grooves. Theocracy—and the kind of irrational anti-Western excesses which characterised the Mossadeq period in Persia are to be avoided at all costs. The aim is to modernise Egypt and to conduct its affairs according to the strict principles of nationalist *Realpolitik*. Anyone who believes that the dissolution of the Brotherhood will make Colonel Nasser more amenable to British pressure had better study what happened after Kemel Attaturk abolished the Caliphate, liberated himself from clericalism and set about reconstructing the Turkish State.

Italy's New Premier

At first sight, pending the Chamber's reception of Signor Fanfani's programme, it looks as though one "caretaker" Government in Rome has been succeeded by another, and that the change of Premiers, with no "opening to the Left," has done little to alter the precarious balance upon which a single-party minority administration of Christian Democrats must repose. Signor Fanfani, indeed, belongs to the Left-wing "Democratic Initiative" group of the Demochristians; and he has appointed to the Ministry of Agriculture Senator Medici, whose record suggests an intention to pursue vigorously, for what it is worth, the Christian Democratic brand of land reform. But Signor Aldisio, whose choice for Agriculture was Signor Pella's undoing, goes to the equally important Ministry of Industry — as a reassurance, apparently, to the Monarchists and Right-wing Demochristians that there will be no "appeasement" of the C.I.G.L., which complained indeed that Fanfani himself adopted a highly authoritarian attitude while acting as Minister of Labour under De Gasperi. The new Premier may be less inclined than Signor Pella to rely overtly on Monarchist support: but the extent to which he can count on at least "benevolent abstention" on the part of Saragat and Nenni's P.S.I. remains to be seen.

A Check to McCarthy

Senator McCarthy has a knack of distracting attention from his setbacks by raising the alarm in another direction. His current interest in Alaska, for instance, no doubt springs from his recent defeats in the Senate Committee on Government Operations, of which he is chairman. Last summer, the three Democratic members of the "McCarthy" Committee absented themselves as a protest against his "one-man rule" and his intemperate denunciation of the Protestant clergy as Communist stooges. Now, at a moment when the Democrats are trying to restrict this Committee's jurisdiction to its original concern with the audit of Government spending, the full Committee has convened and for once refused to endorse three citations for contempt voted by its permanent sub-committee —the instrument that McCarthy controls completely and normally uses for his witch-hunting. The three witnesses — Corliss Lamont, Shadowitz and Unger—had not taken refuge behind the Fifth Amendment, but had followed Harvey O'Connor and Leo Huberman in invoking the First Amendment, which guarantees the right of free speech. They contended that the Committee had no right to inquire about their opinions, and that by doing so McCarthy had gone beyond his jurisdiction, which is formally limited to matters of "efficiency and economy." The full Committee decided to ask the advice of Mr. Brownell, the Attorney-General, before passing the contempt citations on to the Senate. If Mr. Brownell advises against citation, he will seriously weaken McCarthy's position as an "investigator"; by this one act, he would show that McCarthy had illegally extended the powers of his Committee to cloak his wide-ranging

inquiries. This setback may account for the Senator's new-found moderation. He had been expected to ask for an extra hundred thousand dollars to double his investigating staff; he has now announced that he will ask for two hundred thousand dollars only, the same appropriation as last year.

Many Words, Little Said

The communiqué issued at the conclusion of the Sydney Commonwealth Conference is a good example of the use of prolixity to say almost nothing. It pays lip-service to the idea of sterling convertibility, as it had to do in order to meet Canadian as well as United States wishes; but there is (and indeed could be) no commitment. Favourable references are made to E.P.U., which links the sterling area to Western Europe, and also to Gatt and to the Monetary Fund. As for developments in the past year, the tone is mainly self-congratulatory; but there is also a hint that sterling countries may soon go a good way farther than some of them have yet gone towards removing the import restrictions they imposed during the last crisis. There is a long, rather unintelligible passage about the supply of British capital for investment in Commonwealth countries, including the Colonies; but it is left obscure whether this means more investment or only an attempt to direct the available capital more fairly and to better purpose. The need for expanding exports generally, and not only to dollar countries, is stressed; and it is recognised by implication that the progress made during 1953 has been due largely to favourable external factors whose continuance is by no means assured. There are also several oblique references to the threat of an American recession and to the hope that the United States will take timely measures to avert such a calamity and to reach favourable decisions concerning future trade policy. Mr. Butler has made haste to deny reports that during the Conference he spoke of the need for greater austerity in Great Britain and promised to slow down housing and other home investment in order to provide more capital for investment overseas. Finally, there are the usual warnings against inflation, and the usual pretences that the Commonwealth has a common policy, though everyone knows that in fact it has not, and that to a great extent any attempt to formulate a policy is being put off to those Greek Kalends on which the future long-run economic policy of the United States is expected to be clearly laid down.

WASHINGTON

Mr. Dulles Sets Forth

Our Washington Correspondent writes: The Eisenhower Administration regards the Four-Power Conference in Berlin as something to be got over with in a hurry, like a gulp of castor oil. It will be the first time in 4½ years that the three Western and the Soviet Foreign Ministers have met. In the interval the planet has slithered farther down the slope at the bottom of which lies atomic war. Modulation of the Kremlin's policy since Stalin's death and the truce in Korea have slowed that trend. When Messrs. Eden, Dulles, Bidault and Molotov sit down together next week, they will have a stirring opportunity to begin reversing the tragic course of world affairs. Yet Mr. Secretary Dulles is entering the Conference convinced that nothing constructive can emerge from it. His defeatism on this score is perhaps only a shade more pronounced than that of the other three. His most pressing concern, however, is to shorten the conference without pinning to the West the blame for scuttling it.

Washington officials have been estimating the conference's duration at six to eight weeks. That may be, for them, an inconveniently long time. The Eisenhower-Dulles team is seriously disturbed by the prospect that the Big Four meeting is likely to continue into mid- or late March. That could upset the American timetable. This being an election year, the Congress is expected to recess no later than mid-July. Only four months would be left, after the Berlin huddle adjourns, to:

(1) Win French ratification of the European Army treaty, deemed essential to persuade Congress to vote more billions for foreign military aid;

(2) Have Congress change the Atomic Energy law so as to enable the United States and its allies to re-plan Nato and to equip the Atlantic forces extensively with new atomic weapons;

(3) Let Congress, should that prove necessary, vote approval of certain assurances to be given to France on retention of U.S. military power in Continental Europe.

Considering the mountain of domestic law-making which President Eisenhower has deposited in the Legislature's lap, the additional, controversial Bills indicated above mean a very tight schedule. Hence the haste about Berlin.

According to American officials, Britain has promised to consult France before withdrawing from Germany any of the British four divisions. Consultation obviously falls short of the French demand for a guarantee against being left nearly alone on the Continent with a rearmed Germany. So the State and Defence Departments in Washington are drafting what they consider to be the maximum American assurance that can be given France and be acceptable to Congress. There will be no pledge to keep America's six divisions in Germany indefinitely. Despite public denials, after reinforcing its air power in Europe and introducing more atomic weapons the United States is likely to recall some of its ground troops from Europe, as is already being done from Asia. France, accordingly, will be assured that the U.S. will refrain from reducing its "combat efficiency" in Europe. The formula offered to France will probably combine this elastic assurance with some fuzzy phrases stipulating consultation with France and other allies before changing the disposition of American troops in Europe. In fact, such consultation already exists in Nato's yearly review of so-called force goals. Can the French Assembly be fobbed off with anything quite so feeble?

Dulles continues to dismiss as unsatisfactory any alternative to E.D.C. When they met in Bermuda last month, Mr. Eisenhower knocked on the head Sir Winston Churchill's notion of bringing West Germany directly into Nato. The President warned Churchill that France would veto that proposal. Washington has also turned down the other alternative, known as the peripheral strategy. That is the plan under which the present defence line along the East German border would be withdrawn to Britain, Spain, North Africa and Turkey; American troops would be brought home from Continental Europe; and the United States would cease pouring arms and money into Europe, except for Franco's Spain.

That this solution would be unsatisfactory is apparent at a glance. It would revive the spectre of "liberation," with all its ugly 1943–5 memories of blood and ruin. It would mean that France, seeing Germany rearm, would feel a growing impulse to resurrect its 1944 alliance with Russia. It would kill American hopes of a French-German military and political entente. Hence what is being mentioned in Washington is a possible revision of the E.D.C. treaty. Its supra-national character might be dropped. It might be reshaped with less pretence into an old-fashioned alliance of national armies.

Against this discouraging setting, the American Government is busy with post-Berlin plans to rush E.D.C. towards completion and get West German rearmament under way at last. These moves must be speeded, declares Washington, to enable Congress to take action on correllated issues in 1954.

PARIS

The Significance of M. Le Troquet

Our Paris Correspondent writes: It looks as though M. Bidault will go to Berlin as an interested spectator; the Government is apparently proceeding on the assumption that the Conference will be a failure. There are persistent and convincing rumours that M. Laniel is negotiating with various groups of anti-E.D.C. deputies, among the Gaullists and the Independents, to devise a new formula for E.D.C. The idea, it seems, is to reconcile the Gaullists to German rearmament by removing, or amending, some of the supra-national clauses of the Paris treaty, whilst at the same time preserving the structure sufficiently intact to satisfy Mr. Dulles and thus keep the dollars flowing. Nevertheless, the Government cannot be confident of getting even a compromise on E.D.C. through the Assembly if the Russians make substantial concessions at Berlin. This is partly M. Laniel's own fault. In his re-investiture speech, he painted a glowing picture of France's economic progress during the last six months and thus effectively concealed from his supporters the extent of France's dependence on dollar aid. Hence, if Berlin succeeds in weakening the military arguments for E.D.C., he will find it difficult to fall back on the purely financial arguments—which are, of course, the real ones.

Meanwhile, the election of M. Le Troquet, the Socialist candidate, as President of the Assembly was a portent of some significance. The balloting, by comparison with Versailles, was relatively simple. The M.R.P. put forward M. Pflimlin, a leading "Little European." On the second ballot, the C.P., much to everyone's surprise, switched to Le Troquet, who follows the official Guy Mollet line on E.D.C. Eighty-four Radical and Gaullists deputies, who voted for Le Troquet on the second ballot, thus found themselves allied with the Communists. Despite this, and despite desperate M.R.P. appeals to "the principle of anti-Communist solidarity," this number rose to 111 on the third, and decisive, ballot.

This election marked the re-emergence of the C.P. into the area of practical politics. It also marked the almost complete, and perhaps final, withdrawal of the Radicals from the majority *bloc*. Finally, since Le Troquet was not so much an anti-E.D.C. candidate as the candidate of the Left, it brought the prospects of a Popular Front from a distant to a nearer future.

NEXT WEEK
J. B. Priestley
on
LOGOS and EROS

Report on Mau Mau

AFTER more than a year of repression, mass arrests and detentions and large-scale military operations, the mysterious grip of Mau Mau over a million Kikuyu has been somewhat strengthened and may, indeed, be spreading to other tribes. Armed gangs are still at large in the Kikuyu Reserve, which stretches over 120 miles of lovely foothills and ravines from snowcapped Mt. Kenya to Nairobi itself. Oathing is still taking place: one ceremony was staged while I was there, just behind the municipal buildings in Nairobi, and another in the housing estate reserved exclusively for Government officials. Despite every effort to form the loyalists into a Kikuyu Home Guard, only a minority of the tribe are willing to collaborate with the Security forces. Yet, as everyone in authority, from General Erskine to Michael Blundell, eagerly pointed out to me, the emergency has developed into a civil war, which can only be ended when the Kikuyu themselves decide to stamp out Mau Mau: the White man cannot do the job by himself. Gone are the times when it was fashionable to say that all talk of reform must be postponed until after the emergency has been ended. Whatever else it has done, Mau Mau has shaken the settlers out of their escapism into a bewildered realisation that they have chosen to make their lives among millions of Africans, who possess the power to destroy them, and whose minds they have never bothered to begin to understand.

Mr. Michael Blundell's liberalism may still be largely a matter of good intentions. But when he talks about Kenya as a nation composed of three races, which must learn to work together, he is expressing a tardy mental revolution, which is stirring most of his electors. In successive waves since Lloyd George's 1910 Budget they came to Kenya in protest against the decadence of the Old Country, which was mollycoddling its workers. Here they hoped to lead a free, pioneering life, untrammelled by Socialist taxation, labour restrictions and high wages. Now, with urgently needed new capital scared away by the emergency, and obscene murder lurking in the byre or in the kitchen, they suddenly realise that this dream has been shattered. As Mr. Vasey, shrewdest of all the settler politicians, put it to me, "We should really think ourselves lucky that this trouble started among the Kikuyu, the most domesticated and unwarlike of all the Africans. Imagine what would have happened if it had been one of the martial tribes, from which the police and the army are recruited! Unless we can end it quickly, it is bound to spread to them."

But how is it to be ended? So far repression, though it may possibly have prevented terrorism from spreading, has aggravated the disease. Almost every Kikuyu leader who could possibly have influenced the tribesmen towards moderation has been gaoled or detained without charge. Into the Reserve, which was already desperately over-populated before the emergency, have been flung 120,000 destitute Kikuyu, many of them bonded farm labour from the White Highlands. British troops, after months of monotonous patrolling, have cleaned up the hide-outs in the dense forests of the Aberdares and Mt. Kenya, but, by doing this, they have driven the gangs back into the Reserve itself and, if things get tough there, as General Erskine remarked to me, they have only to take a bus and disappear into Nairobi, whose Kikuyu population has swollen from thirty thousand to seventy-five thousand.

I caught a glimpse of the ghastly problem of the Reserve when I asked to spend a day in a really tough spot and was taken to Kangema. The country here is deliciously pretty, with its trout streams and hillsides so steep that the Kikuyu word for a village is a "ridge." I first visited a Home Guard fortress, constructed of mud and wattle, with a deep moat and bamboo palisade. Inside were living a few destitute loyalists, unable to sally out and cultivate their plots a few hundred yards away. As we approached Kangema, the Home Guard turned out in our honour, some 70 tribesmen in old greatcoats and armed with spears and a few ancient guns. Here, inside barbed wire, were huddled the command post of the Black Watch, the Police and two Home Guard units—one composed of Kikuyu who had refused to sign the oath and the other of ex-Mau Mau. They refuse to speak to each other, the young District Officer told me.

Here too a couple of missions had taken refuge, and there was a stockade into which all the cattle of the district for five miles round are driven each night. "The Home Guard are feeling pretty hot today," remarked the D.O. "The Chief's brother was disembowelled last week, and the body of another man's sister was discovered by the roadside yesterday." "How can you trust the Home Guard?" I asked him. "I have to know each man personally," he said, "and that means knowing Kikuyu, not merely Swahili. One has to live here with them and fight their battles to have any chance against the three local gangs."

"Villagisation" is the new method which is now being cautiously applied. Normally the Kikuyu do not live in villages, but are scattered over the countryside on their plots. At the cost of disrupting their whole life, they are now being ordered to concentrate into villages for more adequate control. It takes only one day to build a village, and I watched the women cutting the wattle and dragging it up the ridge, while their men, who do not believe in menial work, looked on. "One good sign is that I have had one or two requests for villagisation," said the D.O. "This may mean that they want some protection from the gangs. But we shan't achieve much until we can make sure that the Home Guard is a real Home Guard and not merely a counter-gang, carrying out its vendettas, and until we can offer it something to fight for. Remember, they are destitute when they come in. It's taken me four months to get them a blanket each and remission of taxation."

All that afternoon we took part in a hopelessly confused operation against a gang, 200 strong, which had been found in a wood. By lunch time the wood was surrounded by the cooks and pipe band of the Black Watch, by a unit of the special striking force and of the Kenya Police, and by two Home Guard units. All except one man escaped by crawling through the cordon into a marsh. I overheard a furious altercation between a Black Watch officer and the D.O. "What the hell were your Home Guard units doing?" "They packed in after lunch and went off with my wireless set," said the officer, while the young Englishman commanding the Police special unit stood silent. "And what were they doing with your wireless set?" replied the D.O. "Oh, I gave it them to carry." "When will you realise that the Home Guard are fighting troops and not carriers for White men?" said the D.O. As we motored away, he remarked to me: "How can one run this show? Did you notice that neither of those officers spoke a word of Kikuyu or more than a sentence of Swahili?"

All the same, my impression, after a morning conference with District Officers from the whole Fort Hall area, is that the position in the Reserve is improving. Provided they get effective backing from Nairobi, this tiny band of Kikuyu-speaking Englishmen should be able to get the Police firmly under control, to clean up the Home Guard, which is still inclined to act as a counter-gang, and so to win the confidence of the tribe. In doing this, they have the great advantage of relying mainly on British troops. In Nairobi, several settler politicians complained to me that our soldiers did not have their heart in the job and that Gurkhas would get it done more quickly. If they meant that, unlike the Kenya Police, our men had no old scores to pay off, I hope they were right. Indeed, I was deeply touched by something which was said to me on the only occasion when I managed to have a free and informal talk alone with a small number of prominent Africans. For five hours I listened to horrifying stories of atrocities by the Police and the Home Guard, and explanations why, from the African point of view, there seemed to be so little difference between the Mau Mau terror and the Police counter-action. At the end I said: "But you haven't mentioned the British troops." "Oh, but we regard them as protectors," I was told; and someone added: "We like them in the Reserve, because they are the first White men we have ever seen work with their hands."

Everything I learnt convinced me that in the short run (that is, in order to round up the terrorist gangs), the most urgent requirement is to give General Erskine authority to clean up the Police and the Home Guard. I discussed this problem at length with Colonel O'Rourke, the benign and extremely likeable Commissioner of Police. He made no attempt to pretend that all was well. Since the emergency began, the Police Force had been hastily enlarged, until it now includes ten thousand whole-time policemen and eleven thousand armed Reservists. No one denies that, before the British troops arrived, lynch law was widely prevalent, and many policemen are now in prison for excesses committed last Spring. Neither the new White officers nor the new African "other ranks" have been adequately trained. Far too often they still take justice into their own hands, torturing or killing prisoners while trying to escape. And when an African does pluck up the courage to take Court action against the Police, the witnesses usually refuse to testify for fear of disappearing into detention camps.

In the Reserve, where the Police take their lead from the D.O.s, the position is improving. It is in Nairobi that the real trouble is to be found. Here the cost of living is high, and the living allowances for the police, which were asked for months ago, have not yet been approved. Moreover, Mau Mau is in almost complete control of the African population. Months ago Africans were told that it was their patriotic public duty to refuse to travel by bus. Since then none of them have done so, and the Kenya bus company has laid off the eighty conductors and drivers of all bus lines running to the African location. Mau Mau also controls most of the African economic life. O'Rourke told me that a few days ago he discovered that the old Kikuyu who sat outside Police headquarters selling sweets and cigarettes from a basket was paying Mau Mau 2*s.* a week for the privilege; and similar levies are made on most Indian and African shopkeepers and on all African casual labourers in search of a job. These levies are then used to corrupt the Police, and even to buy arms from them. Nairobi, in fact, is a black Chicago, with Mau Mau leaders playing the role of Al Capone, and the Police regarded by the African as his traditional enemy.

Yet, even if fear of Police terror can be removed

from the mind of the African, and he can be persuaded to co-operate against Mau Mau, the long-term problem remains unsolved. Progressive British officials, of whom there are quite a number in Nairobi, assured me that, though most Kikuyu disapprove of Mau Mau methods, they share its objective of getting rid of the White man from their country. And no wonder. After all, British rule has meant for them the imposition of a three-tier racial state, with the White *Herrenvolk* at the top, owning the White Highlands and running everything; with the Indians in the middle, monopolising commerce and skilled craftsmanship, and the African right at the bottom, a squatter in his own country. Land hunger, which the Royal Commission is now examining, is, of course, the basic problem; and unless the large uncultivated areas of the White Highlands are opened up for African settlement, Mau Mau, even if it is successfully suppressed, will be followed by other Resistance Movements.

But, in addition to land hunger, there is another equally important motive, the African's longing for the status of a free man and his rejection of a Christian civilisation which, at every point in social, political and economic life, treats him as an *Untermensch*. As a wise leader of the Indian community put it to me, "In India, when we were struggling to be free, we could derive strength from our ancient art and culture. The African has no civilisation to fall back on. His tribal society destroyed by your officials, his rituals and dances forbidden by your missionaries, the only protest he can make is to revert to barbarism."

If my Indian friend is right, Mau Mau is only the first of these compulsive African protests. The fact that its obscenities have so far been met only by brutal and completely uncomprehending repression has intensified the racial hatred which is tearing Kenya apart. In South Africa the White *Herrenvolk* is big enough to hold its own in a race war for many years. In Kenya, and indeed in all East Africa, it can only save itself from extinction by abdicating its privileges while there is still time. But that means giving up the dream of White ascendency; and, though there are stirrings of conscience in Nairobi, I met no one who seriously contemplated doing that.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

France's Hesitation

IT was both instructive and confusing to return to France after a three months' absence. What, if anything, had changed? On the face of it, not a great deal. There are still the same old discussions for and against E.D.C., for and against this or that solution in Indo-China (perhaps the only solution which no longer has any supporters is "final victory"); the intellectuals are extremely active, but the general public seems tired and, politically, increasingly inert. Even among the intellectuals one observes a good deal of disappointment and weariness. For what was the good of playing up Mendès-France when the man voted with the Government in the Indo-China debate in October, and now breaks his ankle skiing, instead of taking part in the current pre-Berlin discussions? What was the good of getting frantically worked up about Morocco, when the crazy policy of the *colons* was allowed by the Government to triumph all along the line, in the midst of almost complete indifference in France? It is significant, after all, that both the present Prime Minister and the new President of the Republic should have been installed, not because anybody particularly wanted them, but because Parliament and, with it, the general public, got tired of the scrambles and squabbles. But it is significant, too, that if, finally, a *faute-de-mieux* Premier and a *faute-de-mieux* President won the day, it was because only a Right-wing conservative—provided he was not too blatantly reactionary—could gain the required support. And another condition was that both of them should not take sides *too* emphatically, one way or the other, on the main international issues.

The defeat at Versailles of an outspoken supporter of E.D.C. like Bidault was, of course, indicative of the desire not to commit the country too deeply to any irrevocable course. And yet it is Bidault who is going to Berlin as France's Foreign Minister. *On est en plein équivoque*, one might say. And not only that: towards the end of his speech at the National Assembly on January 6, M. Laniel said that, after Berlin, he would submit the E.D.C. Treaty to the ratification of Parliament—a remark which was described by M. Gilbert de Chambrun, a *progressiste* Deputy, as an attempt on M. Laniel's part to torpedo the Four-Power talks in advance. The most widespread impression was that Laniel just didn't know himself what the foreign policy of the French Government would be; it might see more clearly at Berlin what it might become, for nobody knows yet exactly what the Russians will propose. Only there isn't much faith in Bidault; and, moreover, he looks a very sick man. Who then, many wondered, was going to take the decisions at Berlin? The permanent officials of the Quai d'Orsay are themselves in a pretty state of confusion. There are those who won't have the E.D.C. at any price; there are others who would like a variety of "conditions" fulfilled—though, so far, this laying down of conditions has received no encouragement whatsoever from either London or Washington; there are finally those who still think that 12 "integrated" German divisions are still a lesser evil—at least for a few years—than the 40 or 50 "unintegrated" divisions of an American-sponsored Wehrmacht. Mauriac in the *Figaro* commented the other day on this "hideous choice"—and finally decided, *la mort dans l'âme*, in favour of E.D.C.

Some, however, such as Beuve-Méry and other writers in the *Monde*, *Combat* and other papers realise that a reluctant acceptance of E.D.C. is no solution for France: it might maintain a trickle of dollars into the French Treasury, and allow M. Laniel to go on praising, as he did last week, the "healthy" franc, but E.D.C. and continued dollar aid would merely mean that there would be no solution to the German problem, no improvement in East-West relations, and, worst of all perhaps, the perpetuation of the war in Indo-China. There is, therefore, among the intellectuals, a feverish search for "intermediate" international positions for France; and perhaps one of the most significant developments in the last three months—a development accelerated by Dulles's "agonising reappraisal" threat—has been the French tendency to cast more friendly glances towards the Soviet Union.

This *rapprochement* with Russia has expressed itself in a hundred different ways. Taken each by itself, none of these manifestations of a growing "interest" in Russia may be important; but, taken together, they represent a very curious change in the French political climate. First of all, there are the small things: the fact that *Sadko* and other Soviet films are shown no longer in small Communist or *avant-garde* cinemas, but in the most expensive bourgeois cinemas of the Champs-Elysées; the tremendous success of the Soviet concert season, as a result of which artists like Oborin and Oistrakh were praised to the skies in even the most anti-Soviet papers, and the thousands of bourgeois Frenchmen and French-women who crowded Chaillot and the Salle Pleyel came away with the feeling that these Russians were marvellous artists, *real* Europeans, and that something must be very good about a country that could produce such musical geniuses. And now the State-owned Comédie Française is going to Moscow to play Molière and Racine.

The American press has aroused considerable indignation in France, first by constantly comparing Germany and France in a manner highly derogatory to the latter, and by saying, as *Newsweek* did, that what France needed was a Strong Man and—the guillotine. The general impression is that Dulles is going to Berlin with the deliberate intention of sabotaging any settlement with the Russians and of then bullying the French into full acceptance of E.D.C.—a big step towards the consecration of the Washington-Bonn Axis policy. As *Combat* says:

> The Americans won't hear of a Five-Power conference, including China; they will insist on a general election in Germany; and will on no account use E.D.C. as a bargaining counter; the Russians *must* accept these conditions first. The U.S. will not consider any acceptance of the Oder-Neisse frontier . . Dulles has really only one idea; get France to surrender, or else apply his "agonising reappraisal"—which will not mean so much the adoption of "peripheral strategy" (*that* wouldn't be so bad!) as the 100 per cent. backing of the German horse . . .

This sort of thing has, of course, strengthened the French tendency, especially among intellectuals, to look for a solution which, in the phrase of Beuve-Méry, would "combine Nato and the Franco-Soviet Pact." A widespread feeling, shared even in the most unexpected quarters, such as the Gaullists, is that the Franco-Soviet Pact directed against German rearmament is not to be sneezed at. And as *Esprit* has just written, in a highly significant article, France got herself tied up exclusively with America because in 1947-48 she was scared stiff of Russia. This, it says, has had a disastrous effect, both internally and internationally. Internationally, it has led to German rearmament. Internally it has now resulted in the Communists ("one-quarter of the French people") being thrown into a state of isolation and sterile opposition, and in the establishment of an ultra-conservative and anti-social regime inside France. Such views are also a reflection of an unmistakable desire, notably in Gaullist and certain industrialist quarters, to return to something not unlike de Gaulle's 1945-46 policy of "East-West equilibrium."

A more charitable attitude to Russia has also been greatly encouraged by the altogether exceptional prominence given in the *Monde* to the series of very long and detailed articles by Henry Shapiro, for many years the Moscow correspondent of the United Press of America. Shapiro, who left Moscow only a month or two ago, gives in his articles what is in fact the first well-informed and responsible analysis of all that has happened in Russia since the death of Stalin. He dwells particularly on the enormous reduction in the powers of the police; on the end of the police terror which culminated in the hideous affair of the "Jewish doctors"; on Malenkov's desire to live at peace with the world; and on the abandonment of Stalin's "cosmic" schemes in favour of greater internal prosperity and well-being. The obvious conclusion every Frenchman must have drawn from this remarkable series is that France's most dangerous enemy is Germany, and certainly not Russia. Moreover, Russia is likely to be more willing than America is to help to bring about an end of the war in Indo-China. It all adds up to a great deal. Not that M. Laniel and M. Bidault would necessarily take full account of this change of climate if Mr. Dulles were to get tough.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, January.

London Diary

THERE is no Churchill mystery. The fact, I understand, is that his medical advisers have told him that, to prolong his life, he should leave off working. He is quite incapable of listening to such dangerous prudence, and I shall be surprised if he even considers moving to the House of Lords. He has had a terrific life—buccaneering, tempered by art and statesmanship. He has even rounded it off by completing the last volume of his war memoirs, which will be published this Spring. I cannot imagine anything that would now deter Sir Winston from preferring a dramatic end in full harness.

* * *

Bevanite headlines, conspicuously absent from our press for some months, have now cropped up in Belgrade, where I see that Mr. Stambolic, who replaced Mr. Djilas on the Party Executive, stated that his predecessor should never have been allowed to travel abroad because he had fallen under the influence of Mr. Bevan and so "lapsed into socialist anarchic liberalism"! Certainly Nye Bevan and Djilas are close friends, but I think most of their conversation took place, not when Djilas was travelling abroad, but when they were holidaying last summer in Montenegro, which is Djilas's home. Until I have the full text of his articles and the remarkable debates in the Communist Party Executive which Belgrade radio has been broadcasting for days on end, I won't discuss the rights and wrongs of this fascinating controversy. Clearly there are two opposite dangers in a young revolutionary country. The leaders of the old guard may become a bureaucratic élite, stamping on all criticism. The opposite danger is that central control may be too soon released and the new society begin to disintegrate. Mr. Djilas complains, I am told, that the jobs and dibs are given exclusively to the old partisans, and young men and new ideas are not given a chance. In that case I suppose there is some parallel with the Bevanite attacks on Transport House, and one can talk of a Tito-Morrison Axis.

* * *

Press statements, still unconfirmed, that the Russians are again about to open an Intourist office in London are whetting the appetites and stimulating the memory of many who had almost given up the hope of seeing post-war Russia for themselves. The obstacles to satisfying travel in the Soviet Union before the war were, first, the totally artificial value of the rouble, which made the visitor willy-nilly a guest of the Soviet Union; secondly, the language, which made the visitor wholly dependent on an Intourist guide; thirdly, the physical difficulty of moving about in Russia, where you could not just book hotel accommodation for yourself or hire a taxi if you were lost or in difficulties; and fourthly, Soviet suspicions and restrictions. All these difficulties could be overcome by an occasional enterprising person. Apart from linguists like Brigadier Maclean, there were adventurous spirits who managed, unescorted, to make their way to Central Asia, but most visitors were tied to a "package" tour in which they could see what they were shown (which was often quite a lot). They could wander about the streets of Moscow alone, but in practice not much beyond. Today visitors to the U.S.S.R. will be less naively curious and more seriously anxious to know and understand. On the assumption that the Russians will now agree to freer wandering, will Intourist be able to arrange to overcome the currency difficulty, which (with the rouble at eleven to the pound!) is even greater now than it was before the war? Will it enable small parties of friends to visit the principal towns and countryside without escorts and with their own interpreters, as they can in any other country? Obviously the U.S.S.R., like America and, to a less extent, other countries, would have "security" areas where visitors could not go without passes, but one may hope that the Kremlin has now got over those fears which prevented people taking photographs of public buildings, or putting their heads out of the window when passing over a railway bridge!

* * *

People who keep in close touch with events in Hungary tell me there are signs of a slightly more liberal spirit there. These are both economic and personal. The peasants' tax burden has been lightened and there has been a considerable reduction in prices, including food prices. Some people, kept in internment camps without definite charges against them, have been released. Others have been given terms of imprisonment and sent to ordinary prisons. The amnesty for people with sentences of less than two years did not include political prisoners. But the fact that there has been an amnesty at all is important. I wonder whether the Hungarian Government is prepared to go rather further in convincing us that it is interested in justice and is no longer compelled by fear or instability to treat loyal citizens so harshly? Is there really any reason why they should not release people like Anna Kethly, Szava and Ignotus? No one has ever believed that there was any case against these people except that they were Social Democrats. Certainly nothing would do so much to improve relations with the West as the release of men and women who have earned general respect outside Hungary and who worked loyally with the new Hungary both during the Resistance and after.

* * *

Mr. Apa Pant, India's High Commissioner in East Africa, has held his difficult job for five years—two years longer than the period of his appointment. He returns now to the Department of Foreign Affairs in Delhi. He has to thank the *Daily Express* for the fame he has won both in Britain and Africa. Without Lord Beaverbrook he might well have been known merely as a conscientious official who had admirably carried out ambassadorial duties for an Indian population which is several times as large as the British in East Africa. The *Express* will have it that he has been "kicked out" by the British—a charge against Britain which, as far as I can find out, is quite without foundation. But in all matters concerning Nehru, Lord Mountbatten, or any other people known to be their friends, relatives or associates, Lord Beaverbrook has an obsession. Seldom, perhaps, has it been expressed quite so maliciously as in the last weeks. Nehru, for instance, who kept India in the Commonwealth, and whose job has throughout been to abolish that racial hatred which may well destroy it, is the subject of columns of abuse as a great enemy of Britain! One might have expected Lord Beaverbrook to have learnt the same lesson as Churchill, who after the war recognised Nehru as one of the best friends of this country. But, then, Churchill had the advantage of being, like Nehru, an old Harrovian.

* * *

Three weeks ago, a correspondent wrote to this journal complaining that employers were imitating the American practice of asking political and personal questions of job applicants. A ludicrous example of this appeared recently in *Cycling*. A fifteen-year-old boy, seeking to become an apprentice at a big electrical works, passed the written examination. At his interview, however, he was asked for his views on German rearmament, the evacuation of Egypt and Mau Mau terrorism! When he revealed that his hobby was club cycling, he was told "that employees of the concern were expected to go there to work and not to rest, and that anyone who went out cycling for pleasure and recreation at week-ends would be too tired to concentrate on his job." The official who conducted the interview commented that cycling clubs "were a great nuisance on the roads," and informed the boy that he should join a youth club and go to church every Sunday. It so happens that the boy was a chapelgoer.

* * *

In a famous Fleet Street bar well-known characters were drinking this and that. A large, coal-black African came in, carrying a pile of leaflets. He had not got far when it was made very plain to him by the management that his presence was unwelcome. Two of the aforesaid well-known characters strongly objected; they smelt, no doubt rightly, a nasty flavour of colour bar. They protested vigorously, and something like an argument ensued. "But he was distributing leaflets," said the manager. Someone looked at one of his leaflets. It was headed "Westminster Abbey" and ran, "West African Students' Union will hold a Dance in aid of the Westminster Abbey Appeal Fund." By that time, apologies were too late, for the African had left for another, I hope more hospitable, bar.

* * *

Last week I quoted some odd English from an African business letter. A friend caps it neatly from England. No reason to go farther than the Office of Works. The enclosed comes from an official letter acknowledging a letter from a public servant who had put in a request for more heating.

> Your letter regarding the possibility of installing additional heating in the Staff room . . . is receiving attention, and an increased temperature should result in order that chills experienced in the past may be obviated.

CRITIC

QUEEN'S ROCK

Sovereign Spain demands Gibraltar,
General Franco asserts his right,
Citizens must allegiance alter
And under the Spanish flag unite.
Spain has published her protestations,
Banned from the Hastings game of chess—
Madrileños break off relations—
Spain from Hastings demands redress.

Spain sends warnings diplomatic—
If her friendship we would secure,
We must heed her request emphatic,
Dropping Gib. from the royal tour.
Good relations will face calamity,
The Spanish public will feel the shock,
The vessel of Anglo-Spanish amity
Break and founder upon the Rock.

Never doubting Gibraltar's cession
Would be helpful to Spain's prestige,
Britain clings to that old possession,
Won by conquest and held through siege.
Though to Franco the Rock is vital,
Though by rights we should set it free—
If to Gib. Britain has no title,
What better right to Spain has he?

If Gibraltar may not be Spanish,
And Spain no longer call Britain friend—
If when chess-teams of Spain we banish
And sporting contacts for ever end,
Tell them kindly but tell them clearly,
If good relations impose a strain,
If for friendship we pay so dearly,
Must we be friendly with Franco's Spain?

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

"It is one thing for a woman to have her face smacked from time to time and be punched in the normal wear and tear of married life, and quite another thing to have her face smacked and punched by a man who hates her."—Court report in *Evening Standard*. (G. Walford.)

Toy traders have a high sense of responsibility and of the educational worth of what they are doing. . . . "Tanks?" said one man. "We don't think they're a good thing." "We have skulls, of course," said another. . . . "But you can see that every skull is grinning."—*Observer*. (T. D. Hunter.)

The cinemas lost much of their ice-cream trade when sweets were derationed. Some unscrupulous managers solved the problem, temporarily, by putting up the temperature in their cinemas.

It got uncomfortably hot and sales soared—but not for long. Box-office receipts dropped and the managers were forced to reintroduce normal temperatures.—*Sunday Chronicle*. (S. M. Batty.)

Mr. — has always mixed with the best people. Among his friends: the Duchess of Kent, Prince Paul of Yugoslavia, playwright Mr. Terence Rattigan. Why does promotion escape Mr. —. —*Sunday Express*. (B. Sharp.)

A Bit of a Month in Rangoon

[Mr. John Freeman, M.P., recalls the atmosphere of Rangoon when he led the U.K. Defence Mission to Burma in 1947].

THE news that difficulties have arisen over a further renewal of the Anglo-Burmese Defence Agreement carries my mind back to the heavily guarded house on the Inya road we were lent for August 1947. There, surrounded by a ten-foot barbed-wire fence, observed in almost every movement by soft-footed guards, battered and deafened by the monsoon, we stayed while we negotiated the original Agreement. Apart from typists, there were two civil servants—one young, efficient and "non-possumus," the other old and bold and wise—three senior officers, a Captain, a Major-General, and an Air Vice-Marshal, and, desperately leading them in a direction that none of them really wanted to travel, an aspiring Socialist politician, half a generation younger than any but the younger civil servant. As we grew hotter and more tired, I grew to dislike that civil servant very much. He returned my dislike. I did him an injustice I am certain; but he seemed to me to embody, and usually to voice, all the "sensible" arguments against our enterprise. And I felt in my bones that our one chance of success was to think only of the arguments for it.

The Labour Government was half-way through the process of granting independence to Burma. I suppose it is objectively true to say that the Burmese nationalists had already, in effect, driven us out, and that we were by then concerned only with preserving some shred of imperial dignity for our evacuation. But the Defence Agreement was something separate, a breakwater in the tide of retreat: it was something the British Government was seeking in return. We wanted the right to supervise, through a military mission, the training and equipment of the Burmese forces; to prevent anybody else (Russian, Chinese or, be it noted, American) getting a military foothold in Burma; to have rights of entry and transit when it should suit our book, but not to undertake any binding military commitment in return.

As we bargained, it became clear that what troubled the suspicious Burmese revolutionaries, who, despite their experience of jungle war, were fundamentally unsure of themselves round a table, was not principally the undoubted fact that we were asking far more than we were offering. It was rather the fear that a military mission would infringe Burmese sovereignty, might even become itself a centre of insurrection. Their lesser anxiety was that, by claiming for ourselves the exclusive right to provide equipment and training, we could in fact ensure that the new Burmese army received neither.

The most formidable of the Burmese delegates, though not nominally the leader of their team, was the Finance Minister, U Tin Tut, later, to my great sorrow, assassinated. Professionally a senior member of the Indian Civil Service, he was the only member of the Provisional Government with wide administrative experience. He had been educated partly in England, and though he had taken his decision irrevocably to join the struggle for Burmese independence, he was still an invaluable bridge between the two civilisations. One afternoon, as we broke off discussions for the day, he invited me to join him for his daily swim the following morning. At six o'clock the next day, in the grey dawn of a Burmese monsoon, Tin Tut and I slithered down a grassy bank, through a ring of silent tommy-gunners who were guarding us (Aung San had fallen to the assassin's bullet only a few weeks earlier, and there was still daily shooting in the streets of Rangoon) and waded into the opaque and stinking water of one of the Great Lakes on the northern outskirts of Rangoon.

Tin Tut swam out and I swam beside him. When we were out of earshot of the shore, and God knows how many fathoms out of my depth, he began to talk about the difficulties of negotiating the sort of agreement we were seeking. It was not easy, he reminded me, for him to recommend his younger colleagues to concede too much to the British. He did not doubt my good faith, or that Mr. Attlee and Sir Stafford Cripps would fully honour my pledges. But what of the officials? If the Burmese mistrusted British soldiers and officials, was it not from experience? Were not British officers known to have been associated with U Saw—at that moment in jail awaiting trial for his part in the murder of Aung San? Did I not realise how very different from my own was the attitude of some of the officials in the present delegation?

Up and down we swam, and, panting and spluttering, I tried to explain to Tin Tut the strength of the Labour Government, its determination to make a success of Burmese independence, and the identity of purpose shared by British Socialists and Burmese nationalists in a common struggle against the established order. The officials and soldiers would, I assured him, do what they were told. Tin Tut looked sceptical: he was, after all, a senior civil servant. Still, when we finally touched bottom after fifty minutes of continuous swimming, we had attained a degree of candour and understanding which stood us in good stead later. From then on the temper of the talks began to change; the Burmese began to believe that perhaps a Labour Government did make a difference. This episode must, I should think, rank as one of the more bizarre diplomatic occasions. Certainly, what with shortage of breath, a near certainty of typhoid, and my dark suspicion that there were probably crocodiles in the lake, I still reckon it among my most hazardous public duties.

It is not necessary to recount the course of the negotiations which followed. In the end, they were successfully concluded. We got most of what we wanted: we conceded a few points to the Burmese, especially in forms of words, where a little imagination and consideration of their political difficulties often went a long way to overcome what had otherwise seemed insuperable obstacles. In the course of the talks I formed an enduring respect and affection not only for Tin Tut, the anglophile, but for the others who were at that time anything but anglophile and, above all, for Thakin Nu, who stepped into Aung San's place against his inclination and against his temperament, and by sheer determination has since led his country to respected independence among the nations. On the 29th of August, 1947, we signed the Agreement to the crash of thunder in Rangoon; and, on a misty morning in Downing Street the following October, Mr. Attlee and Thakin Nu incorporated the Agreement as part of the full Treaty of Independence.

Now all this I hold to be agreeable reminiscence. But it is a little more than that. Essentially Britain offered Burma relatively harsh terms in 1947 because of the general belief that Free Burma's chance of establishing herself as an orderly State with secure frontiers was a slim one. Therefore, one might rationalise a complex argument, we had to remain in the position to intervene in the interests of law and order, if their absence threatened our imperial life-line; while we should be lunatics to saddle ourselves with any binding commitment arising out of the Burmese inability to secure their frontiers. The Burmese, on their side, accepted the 1947 Agreement essentially because they were weak. Well enough organised to drive out the British by political action, they could not face their own internal stresses without outside assistance to build their armed forces. It is to the credit of the Labour Government that Burma could find elsewhere no better offer of assistance than the one we brought.

But since 1947 two new factors have to be considered. In the first place extreme British pessimism was to some extent unfounded. I have no recent first-hand knowledge of how far the Burmese Government has succeeded in establishing the refinements of democratic order in their hard-won State. But it is clear that they have held their country together—it will not now disintegrate without aggression from outside; that they have progressively crushed the Karen and Communist risings; that they have established themselves as a nation, not only viable, but of some political influence in Asia. Secondly, the great majority of British military and diplomatic officials have behaved with unexpected understanding and correctness. Few responsible Burmese will argue that the Defence Agreement has in substance led to any significant infringement of sovereignty.

What then are the points at issue now? According to Chester Wilmot's last despatch, the Burmese are seeking a new agreement which shall dispense with the military mission and give the Burmese Defence Ministry some guarantee of delivery dates for arms and equipment. I consider that there is substance in both these demands. The principal argument for a military mission as such disappears, now that the Burmese have demonstrated their fitness to govern. Its presence in Rangoon, without reciprocal treaty arrangements, suggests, no matter how irreproachable its behaviour, something less than full Burmese sovereignty, and must inevitably be embarrassing to the policy of neutrality which Burma seeks to follow. Both

the training of troops and the supply of equipment can now be provided by other means. The Burmese complaint about delivery dates is of even greater validity. Both the present British Government and its predecessor have done less to help the Government of Burma to get essential arms (which it is obliged to get from us) than the Burmese were entitled to expect. Both Governments could have done more without in any way impairing our own or Commonwealth defences. In 1948 and 1949 it was possible to tell Burma she must lump it. Now, if we do not enable her to provide for her reasonable needs, some one else will come along with a more attractive offer.

I hope the present Government will have enough sense to prevent that happening. But to the Burmese too I offer a word of advice. Surely they would be fools if they too lightly abandoned an association which has, by and large, been of considerable advantage to their adolescent country during its days of growth. To those who negotiated the 1947 Agreement and who are still in positions of power, I say: "Remember the sort of hazards and obstacles we had to face last time. They are so much smaller today, now that the Burmese have achieved their status as an adult nation. You are right to insist on an agreement which safeguards your own interests. But if you feel that we did not defraud you in 1947, go into these negotiations with a determination to make them succeed."

JOHN FREEMAN

Defence of Women

SOME weeks ago the *British Journal of Psychology* published a paper by Miss K. P. Watts, which the author herself modestly considered unlikely to achieve wide circulation outside academic circles. It was entitled *Influences Affecting the Results of a Test of High-grade Intelligence*—and that, in fact, is just what it was about. The paper examined the scores of some 700 English and Scottish undergraduates, who had taken one or both of two standard intelligence tests. Attention was paid, among other things, to the comparative test scores of men and women, bearing in mind that the method of their selection varies with the university. At the same time, an analysis was made of the classes attained in recent years by the two sexes in selected Cambridge Tripos exams. One of the many findings which Miss Watts published was that *in the high-grade intelligence test* the men, in general, scored more highly than the women.

"Unlikely to achieve wide circulation!" This finding, coupled with the fact that both the writer of the paper and the deviser of the tests were women, was soon encircling the globe. "Love That Gal," said the headline of an American newspaper. "Human Nature Doesn't Change —But Gals Aren't Human," observed another. A South African headline writer, no doubt male, went to the heart of the matter (without making too much of a palpably feminine exercise in reason) by entitling Miss Watts's paper "An Agreeable Tribute"; while a London Daily, with notably less restraint, exulted "Yes, Men *are* Brainier than Women—Says a woman." These are but a sample. The articles which accompanied them generally lived up to the taste and intelligence of the headlines.

It may seem churlish to demand more. Yet we suffered a private pang of disappointment that the newspapers ignored the other conclusions of the paper. Whether or not editors were correct in regarding all the rest of Miss Watts's results as insufficiently interesting to excite the man in the street (the woman in the street has a curiously different connotation), they were evidently right in assuming that the topic they chose does hold his interest, despite their misleading comments. It therefore seems worth while to record in a more public forum than that of a scientific journal just what the results were, how far they differ from those of other investigators in the field of intelligence testing and to what factors such differences may be ascribed.

The subjects were divided into two groups, those who took the high-grade test only (Group A) and those who took this after having taken another, easier test (Group B). Thus, by subtracting the mean score of Group A from the mean score of Group B, an estimate was available of the benefit gained by subjects from "practice" on a prior test. This calculation indicated that the men benefited more from having taken a test before than did the women (the former score difference being statistically significant at the 0.1 per cent level, the latter difference not being significant). The differences were due partly, but not entirely, to an increased rate of work with practice.

Next, the male students gained a higher mean score than the female students. In other words, the men *on the average* did better than the women in the tests. Some newspapers managed to suggest that none of the women scored as highly as any of the men. In fact there was considerable overlap between the two sets of scores, the high-scoring women obtaining higher marks than the medium- and low-scoring men. But the majority of the top scores in these groups were gained by the men, their superiority being sufficiently marked to render statistically significant the difference between the means.

The investigation next turned to the sex differences among the Tripos examination classes. The two main findings here were: (a) the clear superiority of the male mathematicians. They gained proportionately far more Firsts and far fewer Thirds, in both Parts of the Tripos, than did the women; (b) the greater tendency of women than men, in Natural Sciences and English, to obtain *Second* classes. In both Parts of the Tripos they gained a smaller proportion of Firsts and Thirds than the men and a smaller proportion of Specials (*i.e.*, Ordinary, as opposed to Honours, degrees).

Thus men may be said to tend more towards the extremes. And this, in our view, is the probable explanation of the intelligence test results and the apparent discrepancy between them and previous findings. Other investigators in the field have reported no significant differences between the sexes on intelligence test performance. A few have observed slight male superiority on diagrammatic type intelligence tests and slight female superiority, usually pre-adolescent, on verbal type intelligence tests. But the rule has been no sex differences which are statistically significant.

Such investigations have usually been conducted on random samples of the population or at least on groups that are not upward and highly selected. The means have therefore shown little or no difference, though it is likely that the variances have tended to be greater for the male than the female subjects. The groups reported on in Miss Watts's paper were university students, thus falling within the top 5 or 10 per cent. of the population. If it be true that men tend mentally more to extremes, then the top members of such a group would include more men than women; and, since the lower ranges of intelligence were excluded, the lower members of a downward-selected group—on this hypothesis, men again—were not given the opportunity of pulling down the mean, to equalise that of the women.

History has produced more eminent men than eminent women. This is true not only of ancient history but of the last few decades, during which women have been afforded the opportunities denied their remote female ancestors; and it is true of novelists and poets, painters and musicians, as well as scientists, philosophers and engineers. There are also far more male mental defectives than female, more male criminals, more boys referred to child guidance clinics than girls.

It appears to us, then, that our results are not necessarily at variance with those of other mental testers or with what is known of intellectual and temperamental differences between the sexes. It is probably true that the top scorers of a highly intelligent group taking an intelligence test will tend to be male, as will the lowest scorers of a dull group taking such a test. The average both within and without the psychological laboratory is probably the same for both sexes.

The newspaper reporters (of both sexes, on internal evidence) were inclined ostensibly to accept male intellectual superiority as a fact, their attitudes ranging from "I could have told you this" to "Come now, women really shouldn't flatter the weaker sex like this." They tended, however, to contrast "intelligence" with "intuition," claiming—or admitting—that women have more of the latter and do as well or better with it. We have no evidence for this. Our own contribution to the defence of women—if defence there must be—is the suggestion that it should be based less on their successful exercise of irrational hunches than in the unflagging tenor of their Golden Meanness.

A. W. HEIM
K. P. WATTS

Homage to Holmes

"THOUGH he might be more humble, there's no police like Holmes," was "Raffles" Hornung's remark to his brother-in-law, Conan Doyle. That uniqueness is underlined by the current centenary celebrations of the "birth" of the great detective. For surely no other legendary character has at once so come to life and put on so universal an immortality. Nearly thirty years have passed since the last of the Sherlock Holmes adventures appeared in the *Strand Magazine*; more than 30 societies now keep green the memory in the U.S. alone. In London a reconstruction of his old quarters at 221B stole the show during Festival year; a locomotive bearing his name again glides through Baker Street Station; last year he survived an appearance in tights and yellow flame-lined ulster at Sadler's Wells; a plaque installed at Bart's this week blandly records his first meeting with Watson. Most significant of all, a critical literature has gathered about the heels of the famous pair.

The cult of course has its conventions. Holmes and Watson are real people. The stories are assumed to have been written by John H. Watson, M.D., late of the Indian Army. In the extreme view, Conan Doyle is simply the literary agent who introduced Watson to his publisher. An American might have become a Big Elk or a Tall Cedar of Lebanon in pre-Sherlockian days; and such resounding titles as the Speckled Band of Boston, the Sons of the Copper Beeches of Philadelphia and the Wisteria Lodge Confederates of the Eastern Deep South suggest that the flair for picturesque clubbery is well sustained. But it is probably in the critical writings that

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the purest Sherlockian flavour is to be found. Mgr. Ronald Knox is generally regarded as the pioneer in this field, with his paper, written in 1911, and collected in *Essays in Satire* in 1928. In a long survey of the Baker Street saga he gravely questioned the Watsonian authenticity of certain episodes, discussed some of the difficulties of dating, and applied the terms of classic criticism to an analysis of structure and style. Mr. S. C. Roberts, Master of Pembroke College, Cambridge, adopted a similar dead-pan approach in his subsequent biography of Dr. Watson, and so the game was set firmly afoot.

In this recreation of detecting the detective, much of the zest undoubtedly derives from the waywardness of Watson. Although Holmes described him in their last recorded appearance as "the one fixed point in a changing age," the good doctor is less precise in his chronicling. Thus the exact date and place of Holmes's birth, his University and the location of his bee-farm in Sussex are still matters for disputation. A nimbus of Baker Street fog obscures knowledge of just which house was the original of 221B. As for Watson himself, the number and dates of his marriages form one of the most persistently baffling problems of the series. How should it be otherwise with one who appears variously as John and James?

It is the aim of the Sherlockian world to reconcile such irregularities. Yet who will say the westward land is bright? Mr. Roberts could write in 1931: "It is at any rate satisfactory to note the growing agreement among scholars as to the year of Watson's marriage to Miss Mary Morstan"; but when the latest of the five major chronologies was published, a few months ago, it was apparent that they had achieved perfect unison on the dating of only one of the sixty stories of the canon. Again, although January 1954 has been agreed informally as the centenary date, the critical estimates range between 1952 and 1959.

Discrepancies of this nature may suggest that the Moriarty influence is still working itself out, or that Watson was culpably careless in transcribing his notes. There is indeed a school which regards him as an inebriate. J. P. W. Mallalieu has suggested that Big-Bob Ferguson threw him over the ropes at Richmond, not because he was playing for Blackheath, but because he was a spectator who had wandered onto the field in his cups and was interrupting the game. Another writer has surmised that the shingle at Southsea and the glades in the New Forest, for which Watson yearned on a hot August morning, were probably the names of two well-remembered pubs! The whole of the famous thought-reading episode of *The Cardboard Box*, from the inability to bear the sun-glare to the shaking head and the clenching of the hand, can in fact be interpreted in terms of a Watson hang-over. Yet to try to be a Sherlockian is to find that Conan Doyle keeps breaking in; and there are those who would maintain that the truer, if more mundane, cause of these lapses of memory was the speed with which the author rattled off the adventures for the old *Strand*.

The rigour of the Sherlockian game consists in evolving new theories from existing evidence, in indulging legitimate speculation regarding the private lives of Holmes and Watson, and not least in catching out the other fellow. Thus when Mr. Roberts incautiously hinted that John H. Watson might have had a mother of Tractarian leanings and been named "John Henry" after Newman, the late H. W. Bell rejected the theory as improbable since Newman had become a Roman Catholic seven years before the date of Watson's birth. And when, claiming Holmes as a Cambridge man, Miss Dorothy L. Sayers triumphantly discovered that a T. S. Holmes had been admitted to Sidney Sussex in the appropriate year, Mr. Roberts drily pointed out that this Holmes in fact became Chancellor of Wells Cathedral.

Miss Sayers believes that the Sherlockian exercise "must be played as solemnly as a county cricket match at Lord's: the slightest touch of extravagance or burlesque ruins the atmosphere." Myself, I would draw the line less rigidly, since some of the most ingenious theories are also among the most fantastic (or are they?). Rex Stout, the American detective-story writer, startled the Baker Street Irregulars a few years ago by the outrageously heretical suggestion that Watson was a woman. Among much supporting material he produced an acrostic from the titles of selected stories in which the initial upright was made to read "IRENE WATSON." Dr. Julian Wolff, a fellow Irregular, thereupon retorted with an equally cunning acrostic, also compiled from the story titles, in which the diagonal spelled out: "NUTS TO REX STOUT."

Among these excursions into the Holmesian hinterland, I know of none more attractive than E. V. Knox's persuasive theory that *The Hound of the Baskervilles* was originally a libretto:

I stooped and pressed my pistol
To the dreadful shimmering head;
But it was useless to press the trigger,
The giant hound was dead.

The test might be applied to other stories. This thought about Moriarty occurs, for example, at the end of *The Valley of Fear*.

Do you tell me that no one
Can ever get level
With this king-devil?

When I recently subjected the improbable *Musgrave Ritual* adventure to textual scrutiny, it seemed possible that the central theme of an ancient jingle leading to the recovery of a lost British crown was a fairy-story invented by Holmes. Why not endeavour to read the riddle anew? It was clear that the most important ingredients in the story were the house (Hurlstone), the family (Musgrave) and the two trees (Oak and Elm). Using the initials, the meaning was instantly apparent. They spelled out H O M E. Whose home? Going back to the story, one found that Sun (S) and Shadow (another S) were vital to the solution, and that the house itself was specifically described as L-shaped. When these initial letters were added, they produced S H O L M E S.

The story, then, was a clue to the identity of the home of Holmes himself. Since one knew already that the house was in Baker Street, it was reasonable to suppose that its number might emerge. (Although the great detective always maintained that it was a capital mistake to argue ahead of one's data, my private preference had always been for No. 109.) The most significant figures in the ritual were undoubtedly the pacings—"by ten and by ten" and so on. Recalling the multiplication table of childhood, I felt that this expression could really signify "ten by ten" i.e., "ten *times* ten." So the pacings were made into a sum. The remaining significant figures (the 6th from the 1st) were also added. Finally, one sensed that the particularising of the size of the secret chamber (7 by 4) must have some bearing on the mystery; but as it was underground (i.e. below the line), the figure obviously had to be subtracted, not added.

The complete sum would now seem to be:

North	10	10	100
East	5	5	25
South	2	2	4
West	1	1	1
"The 6th . . . the 1st" ..	6	1	7
			137
Deduct size of underground chamber	7	4	28
			109

Q.E.D.?

In these days when the tempo runs to ulcers rather than to ulsters, there is much comfort in the apparent inexhaustibility of the Holmesian seam. Nor will the game lack its distinguished devotees. They range from Bernard Darwin, a Fundamentalist who sturdily refuses to dabble in dates and stands by every story as published in order due, to Dr. Jay Finley Christ, formerly of Chicago University, whose concordance, of monumental patience and value, indexes the principal subject under S instead of H on the correct Holmesian precedent. Just around the corner another American is busily elaborating an arresting new theory that each story in the saga contains a hidden alternative solution whose acceptance is claimed to resolve all existing inconsistencies. One can only echo the Master's words to Lestrade in the *Hound*: "The biggest thing for years."

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The Immortal Memory

IN 1786 an Englishman, Edward Rawley, came to Edinburgh on government business. He was a man of mature years and was accompanied by his wife, Nancy, a considerably younger person who wrote occasional letters to her friend, Angela, in London. The two letters printed below contain references to a poet whose birthday is celebrated annually on January 25.

My very dearest Angela,

Since you are my *confidante* I may dare express myself in terms that would otherwise be imprudent. Ah, what is so gloomy as the season in North Britain—the people, the scenery and the weather. You might think my nature to have been affected by the inclemency of both the natural situation and the denizens of this city, but it is not so, and I shall admit, *entre nous*, to a new friendship both estimable and *intime*—are we not fortunate that the French have provided us with a speech of parallels for what we do not care to write in our own tongue!

So, I have informed you. His name shall not be dragged from me, and you must forgive me this reticence, but I cannot forget your unkind indiscretion over the *affaire* of Charles, a disobligeance which put me in great misery. Dearest Angela, you must not think me unkind if I excite your curiosity but do not gratify it.

Let it suffice to say that he is of rank, and although his family is Scottish he has travelled sufficient for the hazard of his birth to be no great misfortune.

As you observed in your last letter to arrive (I have heard the sea is quicker than the stage) my sentiments about the Scots have not been softened by acquaintanceship. If ever I considered the opinions of Dr. Johnson and dear Mr. Wilkes to be swelled by prejudice, I am now obliged to think that they indeed spoke no more than the truth.

My * * * is a most happy exception. My delight in acquiring him is occasioned not only by the tedium that would otherwise engulf me, but by the fact that Edward has been even more inattentive of late. The affairs of the Commission which brought us here are very pressing, and when he is released from them he is engaged with the gout. He is eternally devoted to his health and I believe would willingly sacrifice a wife to cure an ague.

There is a local poet being made much of these weeks and he rhymes mostly in the patois, an ability that leaves me ignorant of his literary qualifications but able to say that he is an amiable creature in society. He has been the occasion of a number of breakfast and supper parties and I have twice encountered him. His name is Robert Burns and his fame is partly dependent on his early existence as a superior peasant.

Knowing your taste for discreet intelligence I shall entertain you with the story that this person is renowned not only for his abilities in rhyme but for his successful tenderness to our sex. It is said, with what exaggeration I cannot know, that since his arrival in Edinburgh, but recently, he has seriously confounded the hearts of four matrons—all respectable—and at least a round dozen of the unmarried.

Mr. Burns, to do him no injustice, is a figure of manliness, and were he in London it might be not without amusement, *faute de mieux*, to see his response to a metropolitan *coquetterie*.

Yours very affectionately, N. R.

My very dear Angela,

I cannot bear to rest until I tell you what has happened since I last wrote, two days ago. If what I said then seems out of sorts I must now make amends and admit that your Nancy has capitulated to the charms of a bucolic. Nay, that is a remnant of my carping mood. Mr. Burns is a handsome and proper gentleman. But let me tell you my story.

At Lord Monboddo's yesterday evening (his town house is in St. John Street) I found myself again in the company of Mr. Burns who, as he told me later, assumed that I was unattached though not unmarried—he is a noticing man.

I was in a troublesome mood (to myself) when I arrived at Lord Monboddo's because it is a week since I have seen my *cicisbeo* and a meeting that should have taken place on the evening of my last writing you was made impossible by Edward being arrived early from deliberations in Haddington. The next day—that is yesterday—I spent vexatiously and did not look forward to my evening of entertainment.

It turned out so differently and of such an unexpected and elevated quality that I am likely to revise my opinion of North Britain. You see what effect both * * * and Mr. Burns are having upon me.

Mr. Burns appeared to select me, from my arrival, as the particular object of his attentions, a flattery which I did not encourage as I had no wish to be thought one of a swathe that fell easily before the peasant's sickle. Yet his manner was so modest, his conversation so engaging, and his humour so vivacious, that it would have been false of me to pretend offence.

In responding to his conversation I was aware that I might acquit myself with greater felicity than the Scotch ladies, who were quite in a huff over their hero's pleasure in my company. I said to him at one point that his elaborate addresses arose out of his vocation as a poet. Oh no, he declared instantly, he was a man first and a poet second and it was as the former that he begged me to treat him. Poetry was the solace of his solitude, but were he to be assured of my company he did not care how long it might be before he scribbled another verse.

I then said I was sure no gentleman of letters ever forgot his profession, and that the most a poet would see in a lady was an object of virtuous inspiration. It is not so, he said earnestly, the true poet (if he might claim to be such) could portray but what he felt and only a fool would think the printed word to be more important than the world of feeling. Virtue, like a poem, was made by man, either well or ill. If I would excuse him for a few minutes he would prove what he said. He made his apologies to our host and withdrew and I thought I had lost him, but in fifteen minutes he had returned to present me with a volume of his poems and an inscription freshly written upon the fly-leaf. I give it to you now—

The poet in love and vanity
Would dedicate his art;
Permit me, though unskilled in rhyme,
To dedicate my heart.

Everyone who had seen the exchange was curious to know what was written but I refused to show and clapped the book shut. And that is all there is of the story. Do you not think it quite out of character with the barbarism of this country? The verse is most pleasing. I do not suppose any more will develop in my acquaintance with Mr. Burns, nor do I intend it. Edward was quite curious by the end of the evening and even jealous, which will do him no harm, nor any good either. For the sake of myself and of * * * I do not wish this to go beyond you.

Your truly affectionate, N. R.

Scholarship might be squeamish enough to question the genesis of this correspondence, but the letters seem to me not irrelevant to the Immortal Memory.

NEIL MCCALLUM

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The New Statesman and Nation, January 23, 1954

Queen Edith

It was never a case of Miss Sitwell, or even Dr. Sitwell, but of Queen Edith. All the fun, all the grandeur, all the weird attitudes and passions have sprung from that. The battles were battles royal, the right divine. At a time when concrete monarchies are on the wane, an imaginary one may work wonders. There have been Kings of Lombard St. and Queens of the green room. But these rule, like Pirandello's Henry IV, in private. The Sitwell claim was far stronger. With Poesy—as in a Dornford Yates novel—its capital, it assumed vast territories: no less than the public that can be got at in newspapers. What Miss Sitwell, with a baronet father and tea-parties in Moscow Road, could never have begun to attempt, Queen Edith took—with a few falls—in her stride.

It is a really extraordinary achievement. From time to time, and place to place, other poets may have succeeded in creating legends: noticeably Byron, with his incestuous cloven-hoof, and Baudelaire as a strict sinner vowed to the guillotine. But neither of these spectres had to face the daylight, the rough-and-tumble, of a popular press. Also they were great poets, and the poetry projected the image. Not so with Queen Edith. Her verse talent might give her a place roughly commensurate with that of Christina Rossetti in the previous century—a little more or less, according to taste. But how much that definition misses! The presence, the impact, the whole encroachment (for what do the vulgar care about poetry?) have been attained by quite other means. Not what she writes, but what she *is*, exerts the real fascination; and that is something as strange and complete in its way as Chaplin's little man on the screen or Sherlock Holmes haunting the dusk of Baker St.

The mask is elaborate, and no mere carnival head set on mean shoulders; great rings load the fingers, the hands are fastidiously displayed, the eye-sockets have been thumbed by a master, the eyes themselves haunt, disdain, trouble indifference, and the fashions are century-old with a telling simplification. Holbein, perhaps, painted her. But who is she? Gloriana? One of the Henrys (the haircut may suggest this), or some policy-making Cardinal? Impossible to say. Of course, she is none other than Queen Edith; and when her life comes to be written, it will have to rely largely on illustration. All her appearances have been notable. Some may cherish that moment when she would emerge on the platform from behind a screen that had harboured strange ululations of verse through a megaphone: how at odds was this majesty with the yawp overheard. Others will remember the front page of a glossy weekly, on which she was laid out in grave-clothes, with eyes shut, hands folded on breast, candles at top and toe, and the subscription (written, surely, by none other than this dead hand?): "Note the delicate Gothic tracery of Miss Sitwell's fingers." And, of course, there will be the portraits by contemporaries. It is noticeable that Mr. Wyndham Lewis, who as a critic had never ceased puncturing her, paid her the inevitable and ungrudging tribute of his painter's eye. Even the photograph, no bigger than a postage-stamp, accompanying a shocked or angry column in a newspaper would impress.

She attacked. They attacked. Genius, eternity were invoked; that was the method. Had Keats been woefully misunderstood? Nothing to what Miss Sitwell was suffering; except that Keats hadn't known publicity. The campaign was carried on with exceptional vigour and skill.

A good cause—without which no monarch embarks on war—was not lacking. Poetry itself was threatened, false traditions were usurping true, democracy was hurling stones, each wrapped with a hideously matey poem, at palace windows. The countryside was in an uproar, gripped by a Squirearchy that everywhere disseminated its tweed-and-pipe doctrine and invaded houseboats, cottages, bungalows, and windmills, to the common detriment. This tyranny must be crushed. Out of the gates of lineage and learning rode the Queen. Civil war raged. There were inky clashes. Royalists chased Ripon, John Squire thumped and the Lady smacked. Looked back upon—with *Wheels* on the one side and the *London Mercury* on the other, and such contestants as Thomas, Sassoon, Owen, and Graves now not easily distributed—the whole struggle may seem trivial and barely existent. The real invasion had crept in from Boston; Eliot and Yeats are the names dwarfing others. But this hullabaloo existed for the champion who had started it. Losing every battle, she won the campaign. She herself emerged, more majestic, more unaccountably "modern" than ever.

A curious if inevitable contradiction in this lifelong triumph of character-acting and make-up is its childish streak. This shows itself in the tendency to jazz poems, to unite, say—or attempt to unite—Rimbaud and Edward Lear. The queenly figurehead itself was liable to quirks and outbreaks more in tune with the court jester. Sometimes we may have wondered whether the accession had been to Tudor England at all: surely it must be the Cannibal Isles? Howls through the voice-trumpet and screams in the press were supporting by some extraordinary quarrels, in which *lèse majesté* rose pre-eminent. There were frenzied encounters with Wyndham Lewis, Geoffrey Grigson, and others. One of the most curious of these involved THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, when it dared to review *Aspects of Modern Poetry*. This proved, on examination, to be an attack on F. R. Leavis's *New Bearings in English Poetry*; Leavis having been "demolished" in a preface, his demolisher went on to retread his critical path, appropriating many of his significant quotations, and repeating whole sentences almost unaltered. This was set out by the reviewer with text and verse; and wonderful were the repercussions and alarms when the whole Sitwell family rushed to arms and to rout. Only one further step could remain for the discomfited poetess: she sent the Editor a stuffed puppy. This touch of magic presumably disposed of the whole thing. Memory was wiped clean. That battle had never been fought.

Of course, she must always have been Queen, though in what nursery confabulations—what Gondal—it all started, presumably we shall never know. The Brontës left tell-tale documents; the Sitwells, less talented if more theatrical, will surely have swallowed theirs.

> But Dagobert and Peregrine and I
> Were children then . . .

The myth has been realised in person. At this very moment the author of *Green Song* and *Gold Coast Customs* is riding the elephant of publicity in Hollywood.

The private existence behind this Altitude seems to have been admirably quiet, devoted, charitable, and cool. Inevitably greatness has descended on what we all hope will be a long reign; and we must content ourselves with fewer tableaux, more words. In the cold print of poetic achievement Edith Sitwell may not seem quite so exalted. But how could she be? Shakespeare himself might have been at a loss if he had assumed the role of the Virgin Queen.

The Arts and Entertainment

SEMI-SERIA

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH'S Third Symphony in C major, written three years ago, was first performed last June at the Cheltenham Festival. On that occasion, as at the Royal Philharmonic Society's concert at the Festival Hall last week, the performers were the Hallé Orchestra under Sir John Barbirolli; they are to repeat the work at several concerts in the North next week. British symphonists owe a mounting debt to this fine orchestra and its enterprising conductor.

Unable to attend the Cheltenham performance, and having slaked my curiosity with a rough off-the-air recording, I wrote of the beautifully scored middle movement that its "winding and dipping melodies seem to owe something to the example of Carl Nielsen." Such remarks are usually rash, and it was no great surprise to receive an amiable letter from the composer, explaining that at the date of the composition he had heard none of Nielsen's music. I feel in honour bound to acknowledge my error; but in listening to last week's performance, and in reading the miniature score of the symphony which Messrs. Lengnick have just published, I see quite clearly how it came about. The oboe melody that enters at the tenth bar of the Andante espressivo, still more its later appearance on the cor anglais, has a strange resemblance to some of Nielsen's tunes: the lazy Sicilian rhythm, the lilt and droop of the line, the gentle contradictions of tonality—all these characteristic features are there. The total effect of the movement, however, is individual and beautiful; it is certainly the most successful of the three. It moves with a dreamlike logic; though the colour is, for a symphony, highly picturesque, the delicate washes of tone from woodwind and celesta are something more than decoration; they are part of the musical idea, part of the dream.

As for the two outer movements, I am not so sure. The whole symphony is a deliberate lightweight. No harm, indeed, in that: nothing could be more absurd than the current assumption that any symphony worth its name must be a heaven-storming—or, at the very least, a barnstorming—affair. All the same, there is perhaps some discrepancy between the solid structure of the first movement and its dangerously slight themes. The perky opening tune, with its repeated quavers and momentary dash from C major into C sharp minor, is superficially like Prokofiev; but in Prokofiev—at any rate in early Prokofiev—such a tune would have been just an excuse for bounce and cheek and tease, whereas Wordsworth, whose temperament is essentially serious, wants to use the struggle of C and C sharp as a basis for solid symphonic argument. I don't think it quite comes off; the movement seems to me to fall somewhere between the stools—the styles—of divertimento and symphony. The last movement, no less elegantly scored, attains a greater symphonic continuity.

The Philharmonic concert began with Kabalevsky's overture to the opera *Colas Breugnon*: a lively, rumbustious, good-natured piece which so emphasises the humorous side of Romain Rolland's wise old Burgundian craftsman that he seems more like David than Hans Sachs. In contrast, Fauré's incidental music to *Pelléas et Mélisande*, in a particularly gentle performance, sounded more than ever delicate and civilised.

"Semi-Seria" has thus been the note of the week's music; and on Sunday the Third Programme gave us a modern opera, in a good recorded performance, which actually uses that old-fashioned description. This is Rolf Liebermann's *Leonore 40/45*, a work first produced at Basle in 1952, which has had some success, I believe, in Germany. It has also given rise to hostility because of its subject. The hostility seems to me justified, because Heinrich Strobel's book and Liebermann's music treat a deeply serious theme in a feebly flippant manner. The hero is a peace-loving German oboist who falls in love with a musical French girl during the occupation of Paris; separated at the end of the war, they are reunited by the help of a comic "guardian angel," with wings, called Monsieur Emile. Many of the scenes are no more than the operatic equivalent of revue sketches; yet on this flimsy framework the authors attempt to hang impassioned denunciations of war and appeals for international brotherhood. The Leonore of the title is Beethoven's immortal heroine, no less; and the unfortunate "parallel" is witlessly rammed home by musical quotations. Even when not quoting Beethoven, Leoncavallo or Wagner, the composer has no very consistent style of his own to offer; at his happiest in instrumental divertimentos which serve as interludes, he veers between busy Hindemithian counterpoint and soft Scriabin-like harmony to suggest love. The whole thing has an air of having been run up on the cheap. The emotion is cheap, the musical invention (with the help of much recitative) is economical, and there are plenty of easy jokes at the expense of opera in general. The composer feels so comfortably superior to Massenet (whose patent leather shoes he is not worthy to polish) that he introduces, at a concert of modern music, a young and disapproving "Massenet-fan." What I now look forward to is the opera which will introduce a young Liebermann-fan.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

LOWER DEPTHS

IN art the transfer from one medium to another is generally disastrous if it is not absurd, though, of course, there are degrees of disaster and absurdity. Whether "O Star of Eve" is more disastrous as a piano solo than a cornet and piano duet is a nice question; and whether *The Turn of the Screw* will be more absurd as an opera than it was as a stage play remains still to be decided. But certainly Dostoevsky lends itself more easily to dramatisation than Henry James. Gustav Baty's adaptation of *Crime and Punishment* bears about the same relation to the novel as a piano transcription would to the score of an opera in which orchestral colour was an important element. Yet one must admit that the transcription in this case is done with a great deal of tact, skill and artistry. Unfortunately I cannot offer a comparison with the Rodney Ackland version in the 1945 Gielgud season; for I did not see it. And I very much suspect that if I were a great lover of Dostoevsky I should dislike this as much as I would any other stage adaptations of a favourite author. But as a faint-hearted reader, I found the Baty version, which the Arts Theatre present under the direction of Mr. John Fernald, of considerable interest.

A highly ingenious set (designed by Ronald Brown) gives a succession of scenes in quick flashes, and imaginative lighting and grouping go a long way to creating the atmosphere—degrees and varieties of squalor—though all this; of course, the cinema would catch better than the stage can. That medium could better effect a *teeming* background which is so important an ingredient of the novel and which, even with the very large cast at the Arts, is never quite there. Raskolnikoff in this version is treated from the very outset as one who suffers rather than one who does; even the murder seems to happen to him. He is strangely inarticulate; he trembles from a mixture of ague and fear; he occasionally lets out a high-pitched whinnying protest. But our chief impression of him is of a bowed, shaking figure at the suffering centre of each incident. Mr. Kenneth Griffith carries out the design with great skill and consistency, and there is something agonising about this dreadful, pathetic omni-present onlooker. But it is not quite Raskolnikoff.

Out of the welter of secondary characters several sharply defined portraits stand out. Mr. Kenneth Hyde gives a superb reality to Sonia's father, the drunkard Marmeladoff. This is one of the best scenes, the dram-shop lit by candles,

the countrymen talking in one corner; the totally silent, brooding Raskolnikoff at a bare table, and the ex-official stupified with liquor and self-accusation. Mr. Hyde gets right through the conventional sign marks for stage drunkenness into the real and terrible centre of the alcoholic. Mr. Harold Kasket, immensely plump and suave, is excellently cast as Porphyrius, the police Inquisitor, and it is a good touch that he should open the play in the middle of one of those interminable Russian discussions prompted by Raskolnikoff's article; and, throughout, his weight watchfully broods. Miss Noel Hood is Katerina, the wife of the drunkard who perpetually re-dramatises her grand past, a lively sketch; and Mr. Nicholas Amer is the agreeable faithful friend. The part of the prostitute Sonia is really impossibly truncated but Miss Rosalind Boxall does what can be done with it, and Miss Gladys Boot plays her one little mother scene very touchingly.

Last year Mr. Wolf Mankowitz made a distinct hit with his one-acter *The Bespoke Overcoat*, which the Arts Theatre Club enterprisingly slipped into one of their programmes. Now the Embassy have put on, with this play, a new, longer, though still not full-length, piece by Mr. Mankowitz, *The Boychik*. In it Mr. Mankowitz continues to show the charming lyric talent of the first play, but he is not yet able to develop it. A bankrupt actor-manager is discovered in his decaying theatre awaiting the return from America of his only son, dreaming of a fortune and a restored theatre and prosperity all round. The mood is beautifully caught between him and his friend the grocer, their sad lilting Yiddish rhythm creating perfectly an atmosphere of decayed defeat and a sort of hopeless but persistent courage. But this we already know Mr. Mankowitz capable of from his first play. The development does not quite come off. The Boychik, when he arrives, turns out to have been nothing more than a small-time music-hall turn without his father's talent but very much with his capacity for easy self-deception. There is a girl friend who has been waiting for him; there is his irresistible love of betting; there is his impossible old father. There are a variety of moods well caught, but the material never begins to form itself into any satisfying shape. A stronger player for the actor-manager would doubtless have kept the thing better together, but wouldn't quite have saved the day. Mr. David Kossoff gave another of his lovely character performances as the grocer and Miss Miriam Karlin and Mr. Alan Tilvern could have managed the young people given better material. Mr. Mankowitz is obviously going to write a very good play soon. At the moment he seems a little uncertain of his direction.

T. C. WORSLEY

ART IN CEYLON

THERE are three shows on at the moment of paintings from Ceylon. In the foreword to one of the catalogues Robert Furneaux Jordan writes the following:

> As Western urbanism wins its materialistic and Pyrrhic victories: as more sound barriers are broken, more assembly lines conquered, more culture diluted and debased—a sensitive man must, given some sense of history, centre his last hope upon Asia . . . Today there is more reason than ever—with Western culture in ruins about us—to suppose that an art both democratic and vital can now only come from Asia.

This I think is true, although I do not believe that our Western chaos has anything to do with technical inventiveness or mass production as such, but, rather, with the hopeless contradictions within our culture and society themselves. One of the most disruptive of these is the contradiction between our extending communal way of life (factories, overgrown cities, flats, mass entertainment, and so on), and our obsessively individualistic ideology. It is as a result of this that many artists take refuge in escapism and excessive egocentricity; cultural characteristics admitted in a recent article even by so loyal a defender of modern Western art as Sir Herbert Read. The lack of this contradiction—and the purity of spirit which goes with that lack—are what one immediately notices in contemporary Asian work.

When one has said this, however, one must guard against the sentimentality of considering every work that comes from Asia great. George Keyt (at the I.C.A.) is a well-known and important painter, but I am sure that his present reputation will eventually be seen—particularly in Asia—to be exaggerated. The colossal problem that Asian artists face is that of reforming a tradition. They cannot just resurrect their ancient mythological idioms; they must reject the Western Academies imported with imperialist armies and trade; and (the danger some of them are least aware of) they must avoid the trap of "the International Style," for this will make their art the last thing it ought to be—parochial. Keyt is important because his paintings represent an attempt to create a new and national synthesis. He gathers together elements from Picasso in Paris, the Indian cave paintings at Ajanta and the Singalese at Sigiriya. But unfortunately his works remain "arrangements." He lacks the fire to fuse the elements together because his mood is too nostalgic and his observation too schematic.

Justin Daraniyagala (at the Beaux Arts) is a far more passionate, troubled and natural artist. Like the Indonesian Affandi, he is an expressionist. Sometimes his work is similar to twentieth-century expressionism in so far as he simply distorts his subject to suit his own mood; a process which leads to brutalisation, as in his *Maternity*. But often, as in his magnificent canvas of a dog (which should be bought straightaway by the Tate along with an Affandi) he is able to use the license of expressionism to emphasise and condense associations, fears and hopes that have a far wider validity. The meaning of this dog is almost outside European spaniel reckoning. The nearest we can get to it is from Egypt. "Deliver my beloved from the power of the dog." In a different way, his *Woman and Clown* and *Artist and Model* have equal power. In front of such pictures, one re-discovers the paradox that often the heart of tenderness and compassion is violence, the heart of cruelty, timidity.

The six younger Ceylonese painters at the A.I.A. Gallery are naturally less mature and assured than either Keyt or Daraniyagala, both of whom are over fifty. But, in a sense, their work is more direct because less ambitious. The large painting of figures on a beach (a little like an early Derain) by Ivan Peries, a superb drawing of some fighting bulls by Richard Gabriel (Gabriel has the mysterious talent of a true folk artist) the Tamil labourers by Aubrey Collette, the drawing of a jungle cock by George Claessen: all these works celebrate—refreshingly in London—something other than the mere expression of a sensibility and personality.

JOHN BERGER

THE MOVIES

"How to Marry a Millionaire," at the Marble Arch Odeon
"Forbidden Fruit," at the Cameo-Poly
"Hell Below Zero," at the Plaza

How to Marry a Millionaire is the second film in CinemaScope, still busy introducing itself. We'd seen *The Robe*; we'd heard the poltergeist voices hopping from rafter to rafter; we'd taken in the wide eyeful of three gorgeous girls on a balcony, a symphony orchestra in whole and in part, New York from the harbour, an airliner taking off and landing, parabolas on a snow slope—all generously trailed to Press and trade last summer. *We* may have got rather sick of this and that; but for *you* it may be a dizzying surprise. You may even—with a bit of luck—have missed *The Robe*.

In that case the symphony orchestra, playing one of those jazz symphonies in one movement, and here a very long one, may be a novel education in sight and sound. When it does, reluctantly, conclude, we come to the titles and the picture proper. This is a slight, sexy comedy that might have charmed in the usual format. Here it has to go over big: big are the legs, broad the hips, and across 30 feet or so the lover leans to his lady. One gets lost in the vastness of cars and illimitable flats, but usually there's something or someone to fill a corner: a lift-boy reading a newspaper. If anyone takes a plane, the plane sweeps towards us almost life-size. And the sound is an experience in itself; it hops round corners and into attics. Despite this the three gold-diggers—Lauren Bacall, Marilyn Monroe and Betty Grable—amuse and lure in a co-operative way. Perhaps everything now will come treble. What about *Three Men in a Boat*, with Stroheim, Laughton and Welles? The most welcome feature of *How to Marry a Millionaire* is William Powell back again, unaffected, it would seem, by the years or his surroundings.

Forbidden Fruit is serious Fernandel in a sentimental travesty of Simenon. Murder and almost everything else have been discarded from the original (*Lettre à Mon Juge*) so that we may have the pleasure of enjoying the tender-hearted Fernandel straight-faced. I prefer him as the natural comedian he is. Still, having set off on its unhappy course, I must admit that *Forbidden Fruit* keeps up a sort of plodding efficiency, and poor Fernandel *is* a good actor, if only such sacrifices of plot and interest didn't have to be made on his behalf.

Hell Below Zero, our own little offering, contains two films. One is old-fashioned melodrama, with Alan Ladd chasing a skirt in the Antarctic and smashing jaws: as self-parody it adds not a few moments to gaiety. The Antarctic part of the film was (at times) actually shot there and gives what might have been fascinating glimpses of sea and ice and the whale-hunt. Some of this material offers the week's natural gift to CinemaScope. But raw blubber never keeps us long from romance. It seems that all whales in the Antarctic are picked off two to the minute by girl harpoonists, and of course Mr. Ladd. He has the magic touch. His girl gets killed in the snows, and when it's all over he comes back to her with an "Are you all right?" Up she gets.

I am sorry that in my hurry to get away from *Hell Below Zero* I missed what must certainly have been the most congenial film of the week: a new Upa cartoon based on Thurber's *War Between the Sexes*.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

LOOK AND LISTEN

THE Viscountess Boyle, taking part in the Television party game *The Name's The Same*, is heard by millions to start to say "damn" and then to retrieve herself by compromising with "darn." This is news in the national press. Miss Margaret Lockwood (whom we all, of course, call Maggie) takes over the chairmanship of the Television parlour game *Down You Go* at short notice and, not a bit stuffy, says, "Oo, you are mean" and is ever so natural. Headlines appear: "The Wicked Lady Bewitches Us All." Miss Joan Gilbert, conducting her Television *Diary*, coughs all round the studio, has a bad cold, nevertheless very properly refuses to breathe up a horse's nostrils. This, too, is news.

The natural impulse is doubtless to dismiss these three very recent cases as so many instances of newspaper ballyhoo. But the point is, the ballyhoo is now highly organised. In the press generally TV has now become news in a way that sound broadcasting, the theatre and books are not, and that already rivals films and football. At least one TV fan magazine, modelled on the film fan weeklies, is now on sale, with gossip about stars, "true life-stories" and news from the studios. It has never been exactly easy or the common pattern of success to become famous overnight; it is now, for the chosen, ridiculously easy. Any don who dares to come within range of the cameras at Lime Grove is in imminent danger. And who, outside the Midlands, had heard of Lady Barnett a year ago? You haven't even now? Then you stand convicted of having

no television set and of restricting your reading to newspapers with circulations short of a million. Count yourself out. For the rest of us she is, apart from members of the Royal Family, Dr. Summerskill, Mrs. Braddock and a handful of actresses, the best-known woman in Britain. She is the brains of *What's My Line?* Sunday after Sunday she gives in that programme a very pretty exhibition of concentration; you can almost see her *thinking*; and she handles her victims, puts them at their ease and cross-questions them with the ruthless sympathy of one born to the W.V.S.

Lady Barnett gives every impression of being a very able woman, and she has the reward for her success in television in writing "provocative articles" for one of Lord Rothermere's newspapers. But the important thing here is that fame of a kind and to a degree that she can scarcely have conceived possible for herself has been thrust upon her, and thrust upon her for an achievement that by any reasonable scale of judgment is trivial in the extreme. The achievement, however, is merely a vehicle: her fame is due to the fact that she is so eminently a "nice person," pretty and full of common sense: housewife's choice.

Here, it seems to me, the exploitation of Lady Barnett runs true to form. The press is busily creating TV stars right and left, but they are stars of a new order and not in the least like film-stars. Film-stars are remote and fabulous, creatures larger than life, with more wives as well as more money and more swimming pools than the rest of us. Their relation to us is evident as soon as we enter a cinema: we sit below them and stare up at their gargantuan profiles. They are not the sort of people we would dream of inviting into our homes; but when we look into our TV sets we look at people who appear, in image, smaller than ourselves. The TV star, in fact, is the star reduced to the level of domestic pet; even Mr. Harding is only the faithful old watchdog whose bark is worse than his bite.

At least, that is the position in England now. It is so simply because the B.B.C., along with the political parties and what is called responsible opinion generally, is plainly terrified of TV.

There is good reason to be. It is not so elsewhere, and then your TV star may turn out to be Senator McCarthy, just as, if the Lynskey Tribunal had been televised, our own great star might now be Mr. Stanley. But the enormous potency of TV is shown by the ease and speed with which personalities, however synthetic, can be built up by it: sound radio, in its much longer life, has achieved by comparison only a handful, and these not suddenly. All the same, even here the TV stars of the future may not all be as innocuous as they are today—I know what I would be doing if I were an ambitious young politician—creeping into the good graces of the Television Service like mad. And even so, innocuous though they are in most respects today, the kind of star that has been foisted upon us does English television little good. Domestic pets; nice people: expressions, no doubt, of our national amiability and silliness which are mirrored morning and afternoon in sound in *Mrs. Dale's Diary*. They obscure the screen with their appalling cosiness and so make it the more difficult for anything bold, sharp or experimental to get through. When four million hearts pant for *What's My Line?* what chance has *Crime and Punishment* got?

WILLIAM SALTER

Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas, at the Stoll

The opening programme of the Marquis de Cuevas's new company was not very good. With the name Bronislava Nijinska at the head, as *maître de ballet* and choreographer, there seemed to be hope of some interesting work; but by the end of the second ballet and the grand *pas de deux* from the third act of *Le Lac des Cygnes* this hope had faded. It was only in the final *Prisoner in the Caucasus* that there were at least signs of genuine vitality in the company—genuine as opposed to the watered animation expressed previously. This Russian ballet by George Skibine, taken from Pushkin's poem, is full of fur-capped warriors with sabres, and young ladies trousered in Caucasian style. It is romantic, energetic, colourful and tragic, with handsome music by Kachaturian. Mr. Skibine has handled the big ensembles with a dashing spirit, giving Majorie Tallchief, Oleg Sabline and himself some fine solos, which were beautifully performed. The same finish and ease of movement was not apparent during the earlier part of the evening. Rosella Hightower danced the Black Swan *pas de deux* with complete efficiency, but in a series of muscular jerks that were to my sense a grotesque mockery of all that is graceful in classical ballet. For the two semi-Spanish works by Ana Ricada, *La Tertulia* and *Dona Ines de Castro*, there was a prim quality about both that killed the gaiety of the former and the drama of the latter. But Mr. Skibine's superb acting as Don Pedro, in *Dona Ines de Castro*, must be mentioned as an individual triumph since there was little in the choreography to help him.

A. F.

Correspondence

MR. ALBU'S FABIANISM

SIR,—My chairman's letter in *Fabian News* was intentionally controversial and, although I realised that it would stir up emotions, I also hoped that it would stimulate thought. Lady Archibald might have given me credit for these intentions in the Fabian tradition, instead of seeking for heresies in my beliefs. I was concerned to direct the Society's longer term thinking to the problems arising out of current Socialist ideas, so as to be able to develop clear lines of policy not incompatible with some of the problems, mostly in economic policy, which we have to face immediately. Two out of the three subjects I mentioned were in the sociological, rather than the economic, field where the least research work is being done; but I believe that it is in this field that Socialists in the future have most to do.

It it true that the present spate of wage demands is very largely a response to the reversal of the equalitarian trend in the distribution of incomes achieved under the Labour Government; but there was not much further to go in that direction and we must look in the future to measures aimed at equalising the ownership of wealth and of personal expenditure which is not derived from income alone.

Lady Archibald appears to have overlooked the fact that the engineers, in their current claim, are trying to restore some of the lost differentials for skill; and that there is tacit agreement between the railwaymen and the Transport Commission to work out a wages system which restores incentive to train for the higher grades. The industrial changes the Labour Party envisages will need more scientifically trained people in industry and more skilled workers. Are there here no problems involved in maintaining incentives compatible with equality?

My remarks about equality of status, which Lady Archibald seems to have misunderstood, arose out of the frequently expressed view that mere equality of opportunity is a conception with which no intelligent Tory would quarrel, and that the Socialist ideal is equality of status as between individuals. It is for this reason that we cannot be content with accelerating the movement towards equality of opportunity for children to enter one or other of the three grades of secondary school but must develop Comprehensive schools where distinctions of status will not arise. I agree with these ideals but want their implications examined by social scientists so that our legislation may be realistic in terms of human relationships and not Utopian. After all, there never has yet been a society without status distinctions.

My question about McCarthyism is connected with these ideas. Certainly McCarthyism is the product of many forces; but is there no connection between its wide support in America and the application of the principle of the lowest common denominator in political appeal? Would the Labour Party have been successful in a democracy which had no respect for education and the political ideas of educated men? Why have so many Labour speakers attacked commercial television on the ground that its programmes will be based on the counting of heads?

Maybe Lady Archibald would think these questions, some of which were discussed by Mr. Jenkins in his *New Fabian Essay*, irrelevant; but I still hope that a number of Fabians much better qualified than I, will devote their attention to translating into realistic terms the concept of equality.

House of Commons AUSTEN ALBU

TEACHERS AND SOCIETY

SIR,—The case for allocating more resources to education is very strong, and no one with any idea of what it means merely to aim at "maintaining" the unsatisfactory staffing standards of 1950 can disagree with this. But to suggest, as does your leading article on "The Teacher's Place in Society," that the Education Act of 1944 can be put into effect before the mid-nineteen-sixties, and that the quality of teachers can be improved at the same time, betrays only a nodding acquaintance with the situation. Last year the teaching force in maintained schools in England and Wales numbered about 226,000. We shall be lucky if the present annual rate of increase can be maintained for the rest of the present decade so that staffing standards for the increasing number of school-children do not get much worse. To reduce the size of classes, replace most of the dilapidated old schools, raise salaries and implement the 1944 Act over, say, the next ten years would mean finding an extra 100,000 teachers, doubling or trebling the present school building programme, and providing a further £200 millions a year to meet extra current and capital costs. Finance is a big enough problem, but the biggest problem is one of finding more teachers.

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Most of the candidates for teaching now coming forward were born in the nineteen-thirties when the birthrate was low. Two-thirds of the girls completing the sixth-form course at Grammar schools enter teaching; if this proportion were raised it would be mainly at the expense of nursing and other professions. Already there are difficulties in finding enough people capable of teaching older children (particularly mathematics and science teachers) and these difficulties will be accentuated when the children born in the years 1944-48 reach the secondary schools. Raising teachers' salaries substantially may not have the marked effect on recruitment that some people suppose. The underlying problem is not that of altering the distribution of professional manpower but that of increasing what may be called the professional "potential" by encouraging more children to stay on longer at school (less than 1 in 10 children at maintained schools stay on until they are sixteen).

Those who imagine an adequate teaching force will automatically be available in the nineteen-sixties, when the school population declines in size, are fooling themselves. The decline will be enough only to bring about a reduction in the size of classes. The long term problem of greatly improving the educational system remains and can only be dealt with by explicitly defining immediate targets and creating the conditions under which they can be reached, on the lines of reducing the size of classes, increasing the numbers of children at school in their late teens, making a start with county colleges, and replacing some of the old schools.

2 Mansfield Place, Hampstead, N.W.3. PETER TOWNSEND

SPECIALIST PRACTICE

SIR,—Doctor Garland states that my accusations of "commercialism" are untrue. He can verify the truth of my statements in Hansard (Debates on Pay-Beds and on the Guillebaud Committee). These commercial practices did not originate with the Health Service—they are old-established ones, denounced by Drs. Axel Munthe and Cronin. Nobody knows how widespread they are today, but they must inevitably increase as the number of part-time specialists rises, and the competition for private practice becomes more intense.

The truth of my contention that it is to the part-time specialist's advantage that there should be long waiting lists for "free" treatment is surely self-evident. As Mr. Somerville Hastings said in the Debate on Pay-Beds: "The doctors know that only when they can get a patient into hospital at once, instead of having to wait for three or four months, can they maintain and increase their private practices." He showed that in one Region about a third of the pay-beds were empty, instead of being used for ordinary patients, as they should have been. Does this suggest a desire to reduce the waiting lists for "free" treatment?

What Dr. Garland says about a particular teaching hospital is largely irrelevant. I have never denied that there are many sincere and honest part-time specialists on the staff of teaching and other hospitals who are devoted to their hospital work. The part-time staff of teaching hospitals have two added inducements to attend regularly. They are now paid for doing so, and they depend on their students who go into general practice to send them private patients in the future.

"Another Specialist" shows a keener realisation of what went on, and still goes on, in the Health Service, and he, be it noted, challenges none of my statements. As he says, my main points go unanswered by Dr. Garland. Abuse is a poor substitute for reasoned argument.

Dr. Kershaw's letter is critical in tone but in essence he agrees with me. He is, of course, merely quoting the recommendations in the (Consultants) Spens Report when he suggests that whole-time specialists should be paid for domiciliary visits and that all specialists should receive adequate, tax-free expense allowances. In both cases, it is the difference in treatment of the two classes of specialist that is unjust. However, a fee of one guinea, instead of four, for home visits would be adequate.

To advocate that we should sit down and wait for private practice to "wither away," whilst at the same time subsidising it, is strange logic. If a whole-time service was introduced now, there are enough surplus senior registrars to take the place of any part-time specialists who resigned from the Service.

As Dr. Kershaw says, the distribution of the Merit Awards is secret and unsatisfactory. He agrees that, to secure an even distribution of specialist skill throughout the country, one must equate the rewards of whole-time and part-time service. Would not a whole-time service, free of the injustices he mentions, achieve the same result more decisively?

Dr. Garland thinks that the article should never have been published. As the N.H.S. costs the nation over £400 m. a year, the public surely has the right to know how this money is being spent?

I am grateful to you, Sir, for preserving my anonymity. I do not want to share the fate described by an eminent radiologist (*Daily Telegraph*, July 21, 1953). "Of the committees of specialists appointed by Regional Boards, Dr. Brailsford said that if anyone dared to advocate thrift or criticise extravagance, he was excluded from such committees." Neither do I wish to imply that my criticisms refer to one particular Region. MEDICAL SPECIALIST

WAS SIMON RIGHT?

SIR,—There is one interesting incident in connection with Sir John Simon's denunciation of the General Strike of 1926 as unlawful which has not been mentioned in the press. After the General Strike was over, a firm of contractors brought an action for damages against Mr. Attlee, then Chairman of the Stepney Borough Council's Electricity Committee, and his colleagues, for damages owing to the fact that the electricians employed in Stepney came out in support of the General Strike, with the alleged sympathy of the Committee, so that the complainant firm could not keep their works going and suffered damage. The case was tried by Mr. Justice Avory and a special jury, the jury awarding some hundreds of pounds damages against Mr. Attlee and his colleagues.

The case was taken to the Court of Appeal, consisting of Lords Justices Bankes, Atkin and Sankey, with the result that the judgment was unanimously set aside. There was no appeal to the House of Lords. Had the Lords Justices agreed with Simon's view of the illegality of the General Strike, they could not have reached this conclusion.

Furthermore, had Simon's view been generally regarded as representing the law, it would have been quite unnecessary for Mr. Baldwin to have put the Trades Disputes Act of 1927 on the Statute Book.

An interesting point about Viscount Simon's pre-eminence as an advocate was that on one occasion he told me he hated the law as a profession. It is unusual for men who reach the peak of their profession to have held it in dislike: though it is true some eminent lawyers, surgeons and doctors have done so.

51 Linden Mansions, Highgate Hill, N.6. C. H. NORMAN

SIR THOMAS MORE

SIR—As my book *Vaux of Harrowden* has been quoted in this correspondence for a definition of "recusant" perhaps you would allow me to try to throw a little light on the subject, without, I hope, adding to the heat.

Apart from legal documents which have their own jargon and are not a safe guide to current usage, the earliest reference I have found to the word *recusant* is in a document, undated but about August 1562 (S.P.15/11, No. 45). It is a list of "Recusants which are abroad and bound to certain places." It consists entirely of ecclesiastics who had been deprived for refusing the Oath of Supremacy. It is only after 1570 that the word begins to come into general use to designate one who refused to church. By 1580 it seems to have settled down with this sense, and no distinction is made between clergy and laity. Indeed, even when in prison both classes were fined the customary £20 per month for not resorting to church, and their names were entered on the Pipe Rolls. After the Act of 1585 which declared all priests ordained beyond the seas since the accession of Elizabeth to be traitors, the priests were indicted for treason, their names no longer appear on the Pipe Rolls, and the word *recusant* gradually came to be restricted to the lay Catholics. I was misled by OED in stating that the word was not extended to Non-conformists till the 18th century. There are indeed occasional references to other than Catholic recusants in the closing years of Elizabeth. They are rare for the simple reason that the Puritans, Brownists and other sectaries did not normally refuse to go to church.

But surely the question at issue is not what the word meant at any particular date, but whether a modern writer may legitimately use it in an extended sense to designate all those English folk who remained loyal to the Church of Rome. Here Mr. Trevor-Roper is in good company. Dr. Southern in his *Elizabethan Recusant Prose*, includes all the exiles who were never recusants in the technical sense, and Miss L. I. Guiney in her *Recusant Poets* actually includes St. Thomas More. GODFREY ANSTRUTHER, O.P.

St. Sebastian's Priory, Salford.

[This correspondence is now closed.—ED. *N. S. & N.*]

RADIO POLITICS

SIR,—As a non-party man, noting B. W. Dale's letter on Friday, January 8, alleging Conservative bias in the "Any Questions" programme, I listened that evening.

In the programme were Michael Foot (Labour); Viscount Hailsham, who, while professing to be no politician, was vehemently Conservative; Lady Huggins, a staunch Conservative who proudly proclaimed herself an Empire woman (what B. W. Dale would probably call a reactionary imperialist); and Ralph Wightman, who was mildly Conservative. Unless the B.B.C. accepts Messrs. Wightman and Hailsham's profession of being above political parties, this particular programme was clearly weighted, *before* the broadcast, to favour a Conservative interpretation of what are mainly problems of contemporary affairs.

Far more culpable, however, was the conduct of the question master, Freddy Grisewood. When Mr. Wightman was attacked, he immediately allowed him to reply; but when Viscount Hailsham attacked Mr. Foot for several minutes, he allowed no reply, but ended the question brusquely with a stupid comment about its becoming political. On at least three occasions, he allowed Viscount Hailsham to have the last words on political questions, which increased the bias of a biased programme, and more than once he gave his own opinion. Since he is supposed to be a question master, not a Conservative apologist, he should either refrain from intervening with opinions, or resign from his position and apply for a place as one of the "experts" who answer the questions. RONALD S. MALLONE

OVERSEAS INVESTMENTS

SIR,—I do not think reviewers of books should be badgered by replies from authors, but I feel there is one factual point that ought to be made concerning Mr. Walter Elliot's recent review of my book *A Decade of Decision*.

I do not disagree with Mr. Elliot in his statement that British foreign investments have much the same sterling value today as they had in 1914. But is £1 as effective in investment today as it was in 1914? The comparisons given by Mr. Elliot do not seem to me to be directly meaningful, since they are given in terms of a markedly changing unit. It is well known that in recent times a man might live on capital and yet emerge with assets that, though much diminished, were nevertheless unchanged in their sterling equivalents.

It may be added that, even if one ignores the enormous effects of inflation, the sterling value of British investments in 1854 compounded at 3 p.c. for 100 years yields nearly three times the present sterling value of our investments. The inference is obvious.

FRED HOYLE

SIR HUGH ROBERTSON

SIR,—I have been asked to write a biography of my father, Sir Hugh Roberton, and a history of the Glasgow Orpheus Choir of which he was founder and conductor. Any help or information your readers can give me in gathering the necessary material will be gratefully received. Documents sent will be returned after use.

The Windmill, Wendover, Bucks. KENNETH ROBERTON

Books in General

EVENING, so the Lesbian poet tells us, brings home all things. It even sets the Muses' crown on the brow of great craftsmen. In his eighty-first year Time is still proving a good servant to Mr. Somerset Maugham. It has carried him far out on the rollers of fame, leagues beyond the contemporaries whom he once sailed alongside. He has survived the Walpoles and Galsworthys of his middle years and such survival, in a writer's lifetime at least, is sufficient to engender reputation. "*J'ai vécu*" is no more idle a boast in literature than in revolutionary politics. There is always an imperceptible moment at which the "little deadly question" becomes, by common consent, the "madness of art." The English appreciate such metamorphoses more than any other people. We like our great writers, our great actresses, our great artists of every kind, to be as old as possible. No one knows this better than Mr. Maugham himself, who made delicious mockery of the national weakness long ago in *Cakes and Ale*. The creator of Edward Driffield and the whole *machine à la gloire* revolving round him has become the Grand Old Man of English Letters.

But Mr. Maugham's sheer wealth of output—it could almost be called "productivity"—has done more than time to increase his stature. Ever since the Diamond Jubilee he has been pouring forth a profusion of novels, plays, travel books and short stories. Each work bears the mint stamp of its period. *The Razor's Edge* is as perfectly of 1944 as *Lady Frederick* is 1911, for Mr. Maugham's fountain-pen ("I have never found a typewriter through which the subconscious seems to penetrate") is the only unfashionable thing about him. He has written almost every day of his life for the last sixty years, seldom for less than four hours a day. He blocked up the window of his writing-room because he found the view of the Mediterranean too distracting. Behind his desk at the Villa Mauresque, so he told a *New York Times* critic, stands a large radiator: "When I go up to write in the morning I feel bright and warm, but as I write my hands and feet grow colder and colder. The blood—if I may venture a medical opinion—all goes to my head." When at seventy-five he retired from the writing profession and announced his amateur status, he declared that in future he would confine himself to essay writing. Since then he has published his first volume of essays†—it includes a brilliant analysis of Burke's prose style—and no doubt is even now writing some more. Such Jamesian devotion, unallied to James's genius or portentousness, is a shade stupefying. As we read the long muster-roll of his books, Mr. Maugham becomes elongated in our imaginations, like Proust's Duc de Guermantes, who "had aged so little although he had so many more years under him than I." Like Guermantes, Maugham stands erect on the stilts of his years—and the years, in this case, have turned to achievements.

This anthology of Anglo-American homage* will be something of a puzzle to English readers. As a race, we are inclined to take our literary pleasures ungraciously. We respect, even if we do not always take on, the tough assignments—*Finnegan's Wake, Nightwood, The Anathemata*. But for those writers who pack the most readable punches (Trollope, Kipling, Waugh) we too often have high-spirited contempt. Since Mr. Maugham, like Maupassant his master, is among the world's supremely readable story-tellers, he wins from us only our time and our delight and seldom our vocal appreciation. We read a tale like *The Outstation* breathlessly, and, having read it, damn the plot—"that object of scorn to quite a few writers of our time"—as factitious. Mr. Maugham is too explicit, too obvious about his aims and intentions. And it is by no means certain that he appreciates Henry James ("Oh, I knew the old fellow, you know. It is hard to judge his work because one liked him so much"). Even the fact that Maugham's criticism of *A Passage to India*—"I cannot bring myself to believe that a young woman, such a sensible well-balanced woman, would make that charge of rape after that business of the caves saying 'Boom'"—tallies so well with the Leavisite strictures, fails to conciliate the English intellectual. He is all the more surprised, therefore, on opening Mr. Jonas's anthology, to hear (for the first time, perhaps) of the Center of Maugham Studies, of Mme Suzanne Guéry's *La Philosophie de Somerset Maugham*, of Professor Dottin's lectures at the University of Toulouse, of the doctoral theses at Graz and Würzburg, of Papajewski's surely formidable *Die Welt-, Lebens- und Kunstanschauung William Somerset Maughams*. Such exegesis must be equally astonishing to Mr. Pritchett, Mr. Waugh and Mr. Graham Greene, whose appreciative but sharp comments alternate so oddly in this book with the intelligent bowing and scraping of Mr. Jonas's college professors.

One has only to note the deep respect accorded Miss Lehmann and Mr. Morgan in Paris to see that a popular writer is not without honour save among his own country's reviewers. "In my twenties," Mr. Maugham wrote in *The Summing Up*,

> the critics said I was brutal, in my thirties they said I was flippant, in my forties they said I was cynical, and in my fifties they said I was competent, and then in my sixties they said I was superficial. I have gone my own way, with a shrug of my shoulders, following the path I have traced, trying with my work to fill out the pattern of life that I have made for myself.

In fact, Maugham has always been his own best critic. No one has diagnosed his shortcomings better than the writer himself. In his autobiography he admits that his native gifts were not remarkable, but he goes on:

> I have a certain force of character which has enabled me in a measure to supplement my own deficiencies. I have common sense. Most people cannot see anything, but I can see what is in front of my nose with extreme clearness; the greatest writers can see through a brick-wall. My vision is not so penetrating . . .

Maugham's estimate of his niche in "Eng. Lit." is equally dispassionate. *Of Human Bondage* is, he thinks, perhaps his best book, yet "posterity is little inclined to occupy itself with works of great length," and it will probably be forgotten within a generation. One or two of his plays may "retain for some time a kind of pale life," for they are written in the central tradition of English comedy. A few of the best short stories will continue to figure in the anthologies, "if only because some of them deal with circumstances and places to which the passage of time and the growth of civilisation will give a romantic glamour." Say two or three plays and a dozen short stories. "This," he concludes, "is slender baggage with which to set out on a journey to the future."

This is a modest but probably a fair estimate of Maugham's eventual place in literary history. To the critics of tomorrow he will never be an interesting writer. He is already so much *there* in his work, explicit, lucid, unmysterious. He leaves the literary journalists little or nothing to say, and in the past many of them have eked out the obvious perceptions with tributes to his diamond-hard prose. This vulgar error has been exploded by Mr. Connolly. "Mr. Maugham," he wrote, reviewing *The Razor's Edge*, "has never been a master of words; he has always preferred the *mot moyen* to the *mot juste*." (And not always even the *mot moyen*. One remembers the "exquisitely gowned" lady in the same book; "her delicate features, the aristocratic shortness of her upper lip and her wealth of fair hair suggested the marquise again, and it must have been obvious, even if it were not notorious, that in her bones flowed the best blood in Chicago." We remember the wearisome repetition of the word "malaise" in *Christmas Holiday*, of "notion" in all his books.)

Despite his great gifts, Maugham seems at first sight to lack one quality that is vitally important if he is to survive in the mind of the next generation. His work displays no wound. Thanks to Mr. Edmund Wilson's penetration, it is now recognised that in the make-up of a creative writer a good-sized wound is essential. The contemporary common reader has eagerly caught on to the idea that "genius and disease, like strength and mutilation, may be inextricably bound up together." Dickens had his father-, Zola his mother-complex, Proust had his asthma (caused, the psychologists tell us, by his hunger for affection), Kafka had his T.B. Mr. Maugham has long enjoyed fame, riches, excellent health and a swimming-pool on the Riviera. Unlike most writers, he is a master of life. He drives a farm-truck, has served his country as a secret agent, speaks perfect French, "mixes a potent Martini" (Asst. Prof. Karl G. Pfeiffer) and, as a medical student, delivered 62 babies in the slums of South London. The contrast speaks for itself.

In fact, as Mr. Jonas's book shows, Maugham did receive his wound early in life. The shy small boy with the stammer was left an orphan at ten. He was bullied and miserable at his public school, ill and lonely as a young man. The later Maugham turned into Ashenden, the worldly cynical sentimentalist. But before Maugham became Ashenden he was Philip Carey. The hero in *Of Human Bondage* is a raw, unhappy youth. Somerset Maugham before self-protective success touched him; in place of a stammer he had a club-foot. In one of those delightful digressions that occur in *Cakes and Ale*, the

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* *The Maugham Enigma*. Edited by KLAUS W. JONAS. *Peter Owen*. 15s.

† *The Vagrant Mood*. By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM. *Heinemann*. 12s. 6d.

author remarks that the great advantage of being a writer is that you can rid yourself of painful experience by projecting it on paper. Desmond MacCarthy, Maugham's next-best critic, comments that the aside "suggests a core of sensibility" beneath Maugham's "wary and aloof attitude as an observer." Maugham put the whole of his wound into *Of Human Bondage*. "The book," he has said,

> did for me what I wanted, and when it was issued to the world . . . I found myself free for ever from those pains and unhappy recollections. I put into it everything I then knew and having at last finished it, prepared to make a new start.

The therapy succeeded all too well. Ashenden took over control of Mr. Maugham's imagination, and though in novels like *The Razor's Edge*, in plays like *Sheppey* and *For Services Rendered*, he has occasionally suffered a setback, he has remained virtually in control ever since. The easy, super-efficient style, the smooth, dexterous craftsmanship, the mellow bachelor philosophy —Mr. Maugham can thank Ashenden for all these. Yet it is Ashenden who pulls him up short of the brick wall, Ashenden who keeps him apart from the men and women of whom he writes. One of Maugham's greatest drawbacks as a writer is that, except in rare instances (Driffield, Elliot Templeton), he remains outside his own characters. Writers only begin to see through the brick wall when, like the dying Balzac, they can exclaim "Only Bianchon can save me now!"

This refusal to be involved, this decision to write *off* life rather than from it, is the price Ashenden has forced Maugham to pay for his efficiency. It is part of the devil's bargain, the *gran rifuto* made after the author had exorcised his unhappiness in *Of Human Bondage*. Ashenden has brought Mr. Maugham fame and success. He has given him material affluence beyond most artists' dreams and ourselves a vast amount of pleasure. Yet he remains an evil genie. Writers will continue to find a powerful literary parable lurking in this tale of the Slave of the Lamp who turned into Mephistopheles.

JOHN RAYMOND

THE CHILD OF SUMMER

IN MEMORY OF DYLAN THOMAS

This day the wind's his master,
Marking time
Between a soaring summer,
Winter's shudder;
And crinkled leaves hug
Early morning rime
As green turns rust,
North redder swings his rudder.

Ripe is his mouth, fruit-ready,
Oared from south,
Recalling summer weather
Stored for taste
—A luscious cargo
Mellow for your mouth.
O wait no longer:
Ripeness runs to waste.

North blacker blows and harder
Swings his rudder,
And to November bone now shreds
His goaded flesh:
The child of summer, heavy
In his silence, to remember,
Leaves us a rich harvest,
His mask surrenders to destroyer.

GEORGE REAVEY

THE GREAT IMMATERIALIST

Berkeley. By G. J. WARNOCK. *Penguin Books.* 2*s.*
The Unconscious Origin of Berkeley's Philosophy. By JOHN OULTON WISDOM. *Hogarth Press.* 25*s.*

Great philosophers have a vision and a purpose, one large idea and a governing purpose which it serves. Berkeley was not an exception; at the age of 23 he had convinced himself that there could be no such substance as matter, and he never lost confidence in this first inspiration. His motive was to undermine the atheism and deism which rested on vulgar interpretations of Newton's science. Scientists, and even more their popular interpreters, are generally bad philosophers; and Berkeley despised them, because they did not understand the implications of their own methods. He would show that only spirits could be real substances, and that Nature is the language of God speaking to men through their perceptions. His philosophy has always seemed to have a double aspect: on the one side, visionary and fanciful, on the other side, logically strict and literal. The magic of his style, always even, always light and faultless, at first keeps criticism in suspense; none of the joints and rough edges of argument are left for the reader to see. He wrote in 1710, at the perfect moment of English expository prose, before the language was tired and when written abstractions might still have the lightness of speech. The awkwardness of thought has long preceded the writing, when, serenely confident, Berkeley later sets his conclusions in dialogue. He has to be broken into pieces again before his argument can be fully understood and criticised. Mr. Warnock seems to me to have done this more carefully and critically than it has ever been done before.

Analytical philosophers are unexpectedly at ease in expounding the philosophies of the past; for an analyst needs something to analyse, and, without commitments himself, he is free calmly to test the force of an argument as it moves from its impossible premiss to its equally impossible conclusion. Mr. Warnock thinks that Berkeley's immaterialism was an error, but that it was an instructive error, which displaced the even greater errors preceding him. But he also allows that Berkeley was more than a relay-post in the steady march of British Empiricism towards its final destination, which is belief in common sense. He was a fantastic man, half Irish, un-English, an impatient genius, light-headed, uncritical of himself, a projector in theory as in action, a man of pious and generous crazes, ready to follow any South Sea Bubble of optimism and benevolence. Between Locke and Hume, he is really an eccentric, out of the line of the hard-headed journeymen of philosophy. Common sense was to enter again from the north, from the Scots, living in an astute and uncourtly lawyers' world, where no one would try to found impossible colleges in Bermuda or to cure all evils with tar-water. Yeats used to denounce the middle-class, pragmatic, scientific tradition in British philosophy, which found its climax, after Locke and Mill, in Bertrand Russell; their truly aristocratic, visionary opponents were Berkeley and McTaggart. Although these lineages seem absurd in terms of actual doctrines, there is probably some truth in the motives and temperaments discerned.

When, in his final chapter, Mr. Warnock considers the modern counterparts of Berkeley's theory of perception, he may have insufficiently stressed the difference of motive that lies behind apparently similar doctrines. Contemporary positivists may seem to be Berkeleyans, when they argue that statements about the material world must be statements about the order of our sensations; and yet they have been trying to prove that speculation about God is empty and that only science can be respected; Berkeley was proving almost the opposite. It may therefore be misleading to treat the problem of perception as a given and determinate problem, waiting for some philosopher to solve, like a problem in the theory of numbers; for it arises only in the context of some metaphysics, that is, when a philosopher proposes an overriding scheme into which all claims to knowledge must fit. Berkeley had from the beginning such a metaphysical scheme, and so had Mach and Russell, from whom the positivist theory was derived. Lenin crudely attacked Mach, because he feared that a Berkeleyan theory of perception might lead to the wrong political action; and so, in a sense, it might. But Mach was not a Berkeleyan; for his doctrine of sensations was put to a different use and carried consequences which, equally unacceptable to a Marxist, were very unlike Berkeley's immaterialism.

Mr. Warnock, of course, notices that any theory of knowledge will entail, or exclude, some attitudes to religion, science and conduct; but he prefers, uncommitted, to test each theory of Berkeley's by reference to the distinctions of common discourse. For what is the significance of theories if they are not to be tested by facts? This is his rational method; it allows no place for any planned rearrangement of the categories of common speech—no place, that is, for metaphysics, either Berkeleyan or Russellian. Within these limits he is entirely fair to Berkeley, rather less than fair to the followers of Mach and Russell.

Mr. Wisdom is more difficult to understand, and I have largely failed. He begins with some interesting scholarship and conventional criticism of doctrine, and then plunges into Freudian diagnoses. Surely the patient must be allowed to speak if a diagnosis of this fanciful kind is to have any validity at all?

> Interpretation xix: Berkeley's antagonism to the method of fluxions and his attempt to replace it by a method involving discreet quantities were due to his fear that his insides would dissolve into a flux and to his need to have his insides solid, even though this in its turn would be disturbing.

A terrible stigma is rightly attached to anyone who finds philistine amusement in Freud. But Freud, so uncritically used, seems only the contemporary tar-water, the last optimism of a rationalist.

STUART HAMPSHIRE

PHŒNIX IN A MIRROR

The London Magazine. Edited by JOHN LEHMANN. February 1954. Vol. 1, No. 1. *Chatto.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Two difficulties, both special to our time, face the would-be editor of the literary magazine to-day. The first and more obvious is economic: if the magazine is to have anything more than a hole-and-corner existence the costs of production will be such as can scarcely be met by the subscriptions of its readers alone. The second, though more nebulous, is probably not less important; for the first time since the Eighteen-Seventies we have no *avant-garde* in English writing. Experiment—or the fruitful exploitation of other men's experiments—belongs to the middle-aged; the young, we are told, murmur "consolidation," which in effect means playing for safety. That this is a healthy condition of literature I cannot believe; but the point here, as literary history shows, is that during the past sixty years, from the *Yellow Book* and the *Savoy* to the *Criterion* and *New Writing*, the most significant literary magazines have been expressions of *avant-garde* movements of their time, expressions of reaction against the *status quo* in art and thought and the received opinions of the "damned compact majority."

Sponsored as *The London Magazine* is by the Daily Mirror Newspapers, and with the public support that he may reasonably expect, Mr. John Lehmann may very well surmount the first difficulty; if he does not, one will have to give up any hope of the British public. But not even Mr. Lehmann, born editor though he is, can whistle up a new *avant-garde* out of the void, and it seems therefore inevitable that *The London Magazine* will lack the excitement that communicated itself to readers of his *New Writing* of seventeen years ago. Not to recognise this would be to be unfair to Mr. Lehmann, and one knows

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that if there is new, young talent in existence he will be the man to find it and nourish it.

As it is, recalling Mr. Eliot's dictum that "Every age gets the art it deserves, and every age must accept the art it gets," one can recommend the first number of the *London Magazine* as very good indeed. The two best of the youngest generation of poets, Miss Elizabeth Jennings and Mr. Thom Gunn, are very well represented, there is a splendid *Canto in Memoriam Dylan Thomas*, from a work in progress by Mr. MacNeice, and Mr William Plomer contributes one of his amusing footnotes to English social history. In a chapter from a new novel, describing a Young Person's sensations at a dinner party of the "displaced rich" in an Irish country house, Miss Elizabeth Bowen gives a dazzling display of the late-James manner in all its complexity of sensibility and satirical perception. There is an excellent story, *The Animals*, from the French of M. Pierre Gascar. Mr. Hugo Charteris's study of a "seventeenth Earl," *Displaced Person*, seemed to me over-mannered. Mr. Harvey Breit's *Letter from New York* gives one exactly what one looks for in this kind of article: an intimation of the effect of McCarthyism on the climate of American writing, an account of American reaction to the death of Dylan Thomas, news of Faulkner's new novel. Mr. L. P. Hartley has a persuasive analysis and appreciation of the novels of C. H. B. Kitchin. Finally, the books reviewed are admirably chosen.

With the publication of the *London Magazine*, together with the greatly improved *Encounter*, English writing is much better off than it was even six months ago. May each periodical have its reward: to find itself one day suddenly stabling a monster, one of those writers who change the literary landscape overnight like a force of nature. We have not had one since Auden, and how badly we need him!

WALTER ALLEN

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MIXTURES AS BEFORE

Gardeners and Astronomers. By EDITH SITWELL. *Macmillan.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Joy and Verity. By MARIE STOPES, with a prefatory note by WALTER DE LA MARE. *Hogarth.* 6*s.*

Ring Song. By NAOMI REPLANSKY. *Scribners.* New York. $2.50.

English Morning and Other Poems. By LEONARD CLARK. *Hutchinson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Collected Poems. By LEWIS SPENCE. *Serif Books.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Script from Norway. A poem by ADAM DRINAN (JOSEPH MACLEOD). *William MacLellan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The reader of Dr. Sitwell's later poetry becomes very familiar indeed with her favourite properties —lions and serpents, gold and rags, deserts, oracular ancients, jewels, skeletons, dust, the sun. Her poetic "world." is less a transcription from nature than a reverberation of feelings within this vocabulary. Yet it is too simple to say that the vocabulary is determined by the emotional associations of Dr. Sitwell's favourite words. Dr. Sitwell is a metrical virtuoso, and one very important factor in all her work is the conscious patterning of sounds:

. . . they, awhile forgetting
The mobilisation of the world's filth, the *garrets*, *garners*
Of Nothingness, and the *sparse* fire's infrequent *garnets* . . .

"Garnets" is perfectly appropriate for sense here; these are little stones of a red-hot colour. But the main poetic use of the word is the sound-pattern it makes with the others I have italicised, and I doubt if the reader of Dr. Sitwell very often pauses to ask whether such senses are appropriate—pauses, for instance, a little later in this poem, even

And the sad sapphire bone shrunk by Time's fires . . .

Why "sapphire"? I think the real reason may be because its first syllable is like "sad" and its second syllable like "fires." For there are not very many obvious logical respects in which our bones resemble these blue semi-transparent stones.

Here are some examples of Dr. Sitwell's use of one characteristic word, "gold":

Gold mists from vines . . .
The gold corrosive of the hyper-modern suns
Of unbelief . . .
He sees the gold blood in the veins of plants and men
Has the beat of the gold planetary system . . .
. . . the water-cold gold orange tree . . .
. . . tyrant suns
(Cæsars with masks of gold) . . .
Where the lion-coloured dusts are numerous as Time's sands,
Under the heavens masked with gold like Agamemnon.

The epithet or noun is used almost as actual gold paint might be; it gilds, it decorates the lines. It is an irrelevant criticism, I think, that mists, even with the sun through them, and blood and sap are not gold in colour and that even suns (which vary from orange to red) and oranges (which vary from orange to green) are gold only by a courtesy of rhetoric. "Gold" in these places is being used for a variety of reasons which include its suggestions of archaic splendour and of stored wealth, its chime with "old" and "cold," and its magical meaning, through alchemy, of something mysterious and primal. It has no more one simple meaning than a phrase in music, repeated in different settings, has one simple meaning. The settings largely make the meaning, though there is a larger pattern made by repetitions in different settings of the same phrase.

Moreover, Dr. Sitwell's is a use of imagery that transforms rather than represents the natural world. The sun *becomes* Cæsar with a gold mask, it is not *likened* to him; Cæsar himself is transformed by that mask to his own statue or mummy —the idea is not, I think, except in a secondary way, that his own bronzed living face, with its expression of set power, *resembles* a gold mask. Dr. Sitwell's poems should therefore be subjected to a "musical" rather than to a "logical" type of analysis. This comes out in the last couplet quoted above where she seems, at a first glance, to be saying that a desert is like a desert, and unless we are very alert we do not mind. The lion-coloured dusts of the desert (appropriately lion-coloured, since Dr. Sitwell's deserts are full of lions and their sands, indeed, could be thought of as magically breeding lions) can be like "Time's sands" only if "Time's sands" are in fact atoms or perhaps planets and stars—and so the second line has to be taken with the real "dusts" and not, as at first sight seems more natural, with the metaphorical "sands." Agamemnon's mask of gold for the sky above the desert, like the implied lions, brings in, of course, a strong archaic feeling. This seems to be a perfectly legitimate way of writing poetry —it is in the broader symbolist tradition—though there are a number of very respectable contemporary critics whom it infuriates. It does certainly involve moments, if one is not lulled by the sound-effects, of uncomfortable imprecision, and a certain occasional monotony. These poems organise a habitual mood; they do not explore particular, separate experiences. I miss sometimes the humour of Dr. Sitwell's earlier work and also its tighter, trickier, often more gay and flippant organisation.

Yet critics who complain that Dr. Sitwell makes no "statements" should perhaps look at Dr. Stopes, who is making statements all the time. Dr. Stopes, like Dr. Sitwell, organises habitual moods rather than explores particular experiences. She is, however, a comfortably old-fashioned poet, who works chiefly either through the pathetic fallacy—

The naked branches under a grey sky
Drip tears upon the place where spring had shone,

and through melancholy or uplifting moral generalisations,

Multitudes toil whose weak immortal spark
Burns for so brief a flutter on the way
It leaves no monument of its short day . . .

She is technically uneven. If our spark is weak, brief, and fluttering, can it also be immortal, and what sort of monuments do sparks of any sort leave? I suppose the tears of the rain dripped on the grass, and that had been shiny in springtime, but it could also be shiny on a bright winter day, and the rain drops would make it more rather than less shiny. And in the last line of my second quotation the necessary metrical emphasis on "its" is uncomfortable. This is a kind of poetry that many people like to read, and perhaps even more people like to write, but these are its dangers and its limitations —complacent verbalising habits usurp the role of the nigglingly pedantic and exact poetic mind, for which absolutely everything "must tally."

I must be more brief about the others. Miss Replansky, unlike Dr. Stopes (and even unlike the later Dr. Sitwell), has particularised vividness, whether evoking a tattooed lady,

The dragon of terror
Curls at her nipple
And song-birds settle
Upon her thighs,

or briskly satirising the soft world of the American movies:

In syrup, in syrup,
In syrup we drown . . .
The bomb bounded
By buxom beauties.
Horror gelded
By the happy ending.

She is at her best in such short lines, such frail but pungent observations. Mr. Clark seems to me a sometimes very good poet of natural observation often weakened by a rather tired, trite vocabulary. Here is an example of the observation:

. . . drifting butterflies,
Chips of fluttering light glinting from flower to flower,

and here of the triteness:

Now leaps my heart at every sign of spring
And fades my memory of sad winter days . . .

This, however, is a readable volume, expressing a sincere and pleasant personality. Mr. Spence was one of the pioneers of the Lallans revival and the best things in his otherwise rather conventional collected volume are his Lallans poems. Like another neglected Scottish poet, Miss Rachel Annand Taylor, he looks towards the past, and often beautifully recreates the aureate diction of the later Middle Ages:

Now in the none the prowde pavone, his ryall rone,
Apollo of the fowlis with plumis clere,
With princelie pretts his fedderis frets, thir amulets
Quhilk maidens luve but luvaris hald in fear . . .

Compared to the work of MacDiarmid and MacDiarmid's successors, Mr. Spence's Lallans poetry is pastiche, but it is stylish pastiche. *Script from Norway* rather resembles in mood and scene Mr. Denis Johnston's fine play *Storm Song*. It is not so good as that, however. The verse, though neat, is never anything more than "applied" poetry; and the characters are too tidily tailored, in illustration of Mr. Drinan's views about the wickedness of high finance and the virtues of small northern nations, to seem very real.

G. S. FRASER

TEACHING BY EXAMPLE

Pedagogical Sketchbook. By PAUL KLEE. Introduction and translation by SYBIL MOHOLY-NAGY. *Faber*. 15*s*.

Klee's *Pedagogical Sketchbook* is a document of great importance. It is here presented admirably, as it deserves: the layout is an uncannily exact reproduction of the Bauhaus edition of 1925 and even the comically un-English English into which the text has been put does it little harm: one feels towards it rather as one does towards those friends whom one could not like so well had something in their thought and tongue not resisted naturalisation to the end. (How persistent the germanic infinitive; how evocative in particular, the fixed notion that "plumb" is as well spelled "plump"!) Klee's notes, which outline part of his theoretical teaching at the Bauhaus, are precise, and, on the surface at least, not difficult to follow. The introduction here, like most of the writing about him, is by contrast nebulous. It appears that the *Pedagogical Sketchbook* is in for the pious devotion, and the accompanying measure of misunderstanding, that patriarchal writings infallibly inspire.

Before the mystic flux of words which is inseparable from art in the twentieth century overwhelms Klee's exact and moving statement, it would be well to decide what the statement is about. Is it, for example, about reality or about art? The question might puzzle a reader with no other introduction to Klee's thought than is provided here. In fact it is about both at once. It is the rationalisation of an impulse to seek for art some other relationship with reality, and some other means of nourishment, than visual resemblance. Klee requires both a non-visual analysis of the world and a non-visual artistic discipline to match it. So he meditates distantly upon reality and upon art, both at the same time: every proposition has a double application. He is reducing both art and art's subject, the world of experience, to their elements simultaneously, and discovering essential elements that are the same. His chief element, the connecting thread of these notes, is the line, the path of a point. It works well, for 'line' in this context means not only the graphic line (which was Klee's first and lasting preoccupation in his own art) but *direction*. All change—change between light and dark, change of temperature, of colour, of weight—is visualised as taking place in a certain direction, in one dimension, as it were, and no more than one. In these sections of the *Sketchbook* Klee is teaching the method which underlies the distinctions drawn in the paper "On Modern Art," distinctions pursued with a determination which conveys beyond doubt that a change of tone which was also a change of colour (indeed any change that was imponderable or ambiguous) would be a sin of the flesh. He is teaching the purism which was the source of the purity of a pattern like that of *The Mountain of the Sacred Cat*. Klee's personal course was animated by his realisation that the visual changes, the modulations, that is to say, of line, tone and colour, involved in the practice of conventional naturalistic representation, were so complex as to be hopelessly chaotic and impure.

His teaching is moral. He uses the linear metaphor, bridging the gap between life and art, not only for physical reality, for change, for what is called structure (pattern would be as good a word in this context), for process, for movement, for energy, impetus and the elements of physical dynamics; he applies it also to the artist himself. The line, by way of the flight of the arrow, becomes abruptly and most memorably a symbol of artistic purpose and courage. Reading Klee's sudden quiet exhortation, recapturing for a moment the magnetism of the man, there is not a painter but will grip the book more tightly. The longer Klee's system, if there really is one, is considered, the more entirely personal it seems: it is the moral attitude which retains universal significance. Klee's meditations, fixed between life and art, are in fact concentrated on an abstraction which is his own, and his only. The idea of the physical world from which he extracts his linear absolutes is not only theoretical but imaginary. It does not matter that he has only the haziest idea of the path which a meteor deflected by the earth's gravitation in fact follows, or of whether a balloon rises faster through warm air or cool. Even the curious quasi-Hegelian dialectic which he applies, at first sight mysteriously, to physical causality (though it will stick in some throats) does not mar the book: its purpose becomes apparent when it reappears pages later (supplying, as a moving overtone, a reference to the paradox of human achievement and impotence) to buttress the moral injunction which is the essence of his thought. Most artists work, perhaps, from a need to discover a *modus vivendi*: the unheroic circumstance yields only through the most heroic personal virtue any true light on a real situation, or any joy that may be shared. The lesson taught here is the general one, that the virtue lies in how deeply the chosen way—in Klee's metaphor, the chosen line—indeed the very mechanics of the artist's business, is felt, how profound a function it is of his need to live.

This lesson is for those of the profession: it is difficult enough for them. But there is much in the book to enlighten anyone who looks at pictures. Look, for example, if you have a taste for this kind of private course of training, at a chess board: the pattern, balancing white against black exactly, is in sum grey. Next cut a strip one square broad off two adjacent sides and look again. Now each row and each file is different in tone from that beside it; both ways the strips are alternately blacker and whiter. You don't believe it? Klee proves it to you, as a by-product of one of the simplest of these lessons. You still don't see or care? In that event many of the complex addition and subtraction sums implicit in pictorial pattern are not for you. And you will hardly climb *The Mountain of the Sacred Cat*.

LAWRENCE GOWING

FORWARD FROM THE WEBBS

An Introduction to Trade Unionism. By G. D. H. COLE. *Allen & Unwin*. 18*s*.

I still remember how surprised and pleased I was when I first heard that there was in existence at least one serious work on Trade Unionism written by two recognised authorities on contemporary economic and political ideas—the Webbs' *History of Trade Unionism*. I was then seventeen years of age, a keen Trade Unionist and a minor official of the local Weavers' Association. Until then the only observations on Trade Unions and Trade Unionism written by outsiders that I

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had seen were of the kind which used regularly to appear in the leading articles of the popular daily newspapers and the feature pages of the Sunday newspapers. Mostly, these newspaper articles appeared when some big strike or lockout was on or threatened. In them Trade Unionists were variously described as vicious tyrants, dangerous revolutionaries or misguided fools. Small wonder that Trade Unionists reading these articles thought of themselves as very much alone in a fierce and hostile world.

Professor Cole accurately and vividly sums up the reaction of Trade Unionists to these articles and to all the other adverse circumstances which have beset Trade Unions in the first century of their existence:

> Trade Unionism was not merely born in struggle—an unwelcomed bastard of the Industrial Revolution: it has been fighting against the taint of illegitimacy ever since. It bears the stigmata of its history upon it: its members have never expected to be fairly treated, and, when the unexpected happens, can hardly recognise it for what it is. Trade Unions have not been used to easy victories, or to the enjoyment of any power they might not be called on to fight for at any time with all their strength. Their instinct has been to oppose: they have never, until quite recently, had any choice in the matter. No wonder they are finding it difficult to adapt themselves to a situation in which the Government itself is sometimes on their side.

What troubles me about this passage is that it should have to appear in Professor Cole's latest book on Trade Unionism published in 1953. No one should doubt its substantial accuracy even if, like most generalisations, it is capable of modification when applied to particular aspects of modern Trade Unionism. In 1923 it would have been taken as a temperate and serious warning to the opponents of Trade Unionism; in 1953 it should be taken as an equally temperate and serious warning to Trade Unionists themselves.

In the modern world Trade Unions have great authority, considerable power and tremendous opportunities, both individually and collectively through the T.U.C. So far they have retained a substantial advantage over unions in most other countries—they constitute a single united movement. They are not fundamentally divided on questions of race, religion or politics. Nor, for the most part, are the individual Unions at variance with each other on questions of structure. But there is a reluctance, varying in intensity at different levels and on different occasions, to commit British Trade Unions *in principle* to newer policies and practices. Usually, indeed, almost inevitably, Trade Unions do enter into wider responsibilities and commitments. But there remains a marked tendency in the Trade Union movement to deal with issues *ad hoc* and to surround a decision on a particular question with reservations and qualifying clauses. As a result, the Trade Union movement often seems more timid and cumbersome than it really is. The effect on the internal structure of the movement is to delay some obvious and necessary developments and to cause them to proceed piecemeal and obliquely.

This point and others Professor Cole brings out very clearly in a book which covers every aspect of Trade Unionism—its structure, practice, and policy. If there are still youths of seventeen or keen Trade Unionists of any age who think that nothing is written which deals fairly, accurately and comprehensively with Trade Unions as responsible organisations, they should be as pleased to hear of this book as I was to hear of the Webbs' *History*.

GEORGE WOODCOCK

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METHUEN

NEW NOVELS

The Angry Angel. By LAJOS ZILAHY. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

The Devil in the Hills. By CESARE PAVESE. *Peter Owen.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

In the form of a novel *The Angry Angel* tells the story of Hungary from the Peace of Trianon to the Soviet overlordship of today. Mr. Zilahy, a Hungarian living in America, has a command of the English language which seems terrific, and his equipment on the documentary side is dazzling. It is almost a pity that there is no index of the historical figures, such as Teleki, Heydrich, Ribbentrop, who appear; for the scenes they grace or disgrace are the most brilliant in this 400-page work, and seem to have been steeped in rich dyes. A full-length portrait of the pro-Nazi Regent, Admiral Horthy, giving audience in the pomp of the Royal Palace in Buda, is a triumph. The scene unfolds the whole character, irate, obstinate, misguided, disastrous, and honest, of the little despot who dragged Hungary into war on Hitler's side and whose eyes were not opened until Hitler had murdered both his sons.

It is impossible to be bored by Mr. Zilahy. If you imagine that his fiction had been written by Mr. Arthur Bryant, his history by Mr. Dornford Yates, you will have some idea not only of his style, but also of his substance and impact. The fictional momentum is given by a hero called Mihály Ursi, astro-physicist and Liberal, born of poor miners, husband of Countess Zia Dukay of the high land-owning aristocracy. Mihaly's intellect, power of leadership, radical force of character, and shrinking liberal scruple, attractive as far as they go, make of him precisely the hero that a brilliant popularising historian would have invented, had he wished to fictionalise the tensions of European liberalism over the last thirty years.

As to the history—well, there are dates and events, such as Hitler's restitution to Hungary of the territories taken at Trianon, Tolbuchin's entry into Buda-Pest, the post-war reckoning with Russia; but the events chosen for display are precisely those that a powerful popular novelist would have chosen, had he wished to write the history of modern Hungary in Europe. For instance, Mr. Zilahy has to stretch his subject hard in order to fit into it the murder of Heydrich and the Lidice massacre; but his actual telling of them is superb.

The historian who had turned novelist would probably fail to satisfy in his interpretation of life, especially at points of personal crisis. Mr. Zilahy fails; he is superficial. The novelist turned historian might well raise many a blush unseen by his empurpling of history's less exciting bits. Mr. Zilahy raises many, many blushes.

> Early in World War I . . . the Russian colossus was stopped by the north-eastern mountain chains; half raising his huge frame above the ridge of the Carpathians he just looked about, engraved the landscape in his memory and from the mountain tops practically shouted down to the plain: I'll be back.

Animated as it is, *The Angry Angel* animates the nerves of the reader, sometimes his brain, almost never his heart. It follows the outer lines of history, not the inner lines of creation; it digresses into creation but not far. It is a confection: brilliant, charming, cold, shameless—impressions magnified, perhaps, by Mr. Zihaly's revelations of the inactivity, selfishness and frivolity of Hungary in her *hora tenebrarum*. These make a terrible, sombre story, matter for a Dostoevsky or at least a Musil.

The Devil in the Hills is a short novel of great care of technical integrity (musically translated by Mr. D. D. Paige) which fails of full effect because of a lack of vitality. A trio of students spending "white nights" in Turin fall in with an older man, Poli, who is a neighbour of one of them in the country. They spend a summer vacation mostly in his house. Before that they had seen Poli shot and wounded by a fading, jealous mistress. In the country one of them falls in love with Poli's lovely wife, Gabriella.

That is all. Yet the writer (who killed himself two years ago) establishes with perfect economy an effect of slow time and of an adolescent era in the experience of his students. After the wounding of Poli—known to them to be a cocaine-addict—one asks himself—"I wonder what sort of filthy thing lies behind it all?" Poli and Gabriella live at the summit of the Greppo, an "enormous woody slope dark with damp"; they have let it grow wild, and the critical student reflects that:

> They did nothing for their hill; and the hill did nothing for them. The savage waste of so much land and so much life could bear no other fruit than discontent and futility.

What is important to the students, their prickly priggish severity and ungovernable lascivious temptations, is what is important throughout in this novel; a selective sighting which pays off savagely when their hosts throw a party for a crowd of horrible smart Milanese.

The students—Oreste, Pieretto, and "I"—are plagued by disgust. Poli suffers from disgust. So does Gabriella. It is curious that this should lie so heavy here, because it is so marked a trait in other Italian novelists—Moravia, Malaparte, Vittorini, Prisco. *The Devil in the Hills* seems to have been trying to find a way out: Poli is an amateur philosopher who propounds that innocence and understanding are born out of depravity. This has been said better before; and the rest of Poli's philosophising consists of insights into the nature and limitations of women, which also have an old, tired sound. What is so strangely missing is any idea of the possibility of drawing on mental or moral resources, or on the resources of a physically active life. A sedulous translator of American and English authors, Pavese may thus have studied stylistic discipline, but there is nothing in him of the open-air or underworld roughness of his American, nothing of the intelligent social grasp, of his English models. His world is a timid bourgeoisie verging on the effete. This seems to be the world of the current Italian novel. The disgust acknowledged in it has sought every release, from drugs to depth-psychology, except an opening of intellectual and moral vision which may be the only release. What distinguishes *The Devil in the Hills* is the unmitigated desperation of its attempt to break out.

GILES ROMILLY

MAGIC FOR OUR AGE

Uses and Abuses of Psychology. By H. J. EYSENCK. *Penguin Books.* 2s. 6d.

Encyclopædia of Aberrations. Edited by EDWARD PODOLSKY. *Arco Publications.* 42s.

"It looks," wrote Freud in the preface (1932) to his New Introductory Lectures, "as though people do not expect from psychology progress in knowledge, but some other kind of satisfaction; every unsolved problem, every acknowledged uncertainty is turned into a ground of complaint against it." This is a useful text to repeat before you read another book about psychology. Amateur psychiatrists should be made to copy it out seven times, witches to score it in poker-work on their broomsticks. Even a scientifically trained experimental psychologist like Dr. Eysenck might benefit by it.

Dr. Eysenck is known for his studies of human personality and its measurable aspects. In this new Pelican he sets out to write a salutary little book that will dispel the kind of loose thinking in which most laymen and many psychiatrists indulge, and conduce to a proper scientific approach. He is perhaps too polemical to be a really seductive populariser; there are moments when one reacts counter-offensively to his own thrustful little personality and starts to question the absoluteness of his scientific premises. Also his book lacks plan. Nevertheless, it is very interesting, very informative, very lively, gives you a good read, and may help you to think straighter.

There are plenty of tit-bits for the magpie-minded. In the first half, which is about Intelligence Testing (with copious examples) and Vocational Psychology, we learn that—partly owing to their large numbers—the average intelligence quotient of American students is in the neighbourhood of 100, which means that about a quarter of the student population is below average intelligence. There are even some American universities (Dumbell Hall, Cretin College, The Oafery: suitable names leap to the mind); where the average intelligence of the student body is *below the average intelligence for the whole country*. Also nationally characteristic is this test used by German military psychologists:

> A candidate would be required to pull a strong metal spring as hard as he could. The stronger he pulled it the stronger and more painful would be an electric current going through his body. While he was exerting himself in this way a hidden photographer would take photographs of his facial expression.

In the middle of the book Dr. Eysenck takes a swipe at psychoanalysis. His main line—that, because it is clinical rather than experimental, and because its hypotheses cannot be tested in the laboratory, psychoanalysis is unscientific—is one with which many people, including some psychoanalysts, will agree, at any rate up to a point. But his attack becomes so passionate that one cannot help cocking a clinical eyebrow. He seems to see the entire literary intelligentsia as dedicated Freudian propagandists, quite forgetting that heaps of them dabble in Jung, Yoga, and every sort of mumbo-jumbo all according as their nimble fancy takes them. And his claim that Freud's theory of dreams as wish-fulfilments has been experimentally disproved certainly cannot be accepted as it stands. The last part includes chapters on Anti-Semitism and Public Opinion Polls.

At a glance you might think that the *Encyclopædia of Abberrations* had been compiled by the psychiatric faculty of Dumbell Hall at the request of a mail-order house. The shorter entries feature masterpieces of word-faking such as: Acalculia: The inability to count; Apeirophobia: Morbid dread of Infinity; Bradylexia: Abnormal slowness in reading; Laliophobia: Dread of the necessity of speaking by a person with a speech impediment; Philoneism: Obsessive interest in fads; Triakaidekaphobia: Irrational fear of the number 13. (Among many notable omissions are Bulimia (Neurotic Greed); Hallucinations, Lilliputian; and, of course, Jargon (egregious) Syndrome, a frequent complaint o American psychiatrists.) The longer entries are a lucky dip. There are some reputable clinical papers, such as John D. Campbell on *Manic Depressive Psychosis* with special reference to milder states, and some interesting curiosities such as *Mescaline Addiction*, and *Folie A Deux* that should titillate the literary intelligentsia. But the level is woefully uneven and you never know when you won't come upon some gratuitous abuse of psychology. Authors include some forty-odd American psychiatrists, many of them of near-Freudian persuasion, and, so it would appear, the late Rev. Montague Summers, for the article *Devil Worship* (followed by *Disordered Thinking, Factors In*) begins:

> In the twentieth century in England black magic is practised and taught in secret schools both at Oxford and Cambridge. The Black Mass is still celebrated in the drawing rooms of Mayfair and in Chelsea studios under conditions of almost absolute secrecy. . . . In Brighton the devil-worshippers . . .

Top up with a few case-histories and you have something to suit all tastes in the Charing Cross Road, but the reputation of American psychiatry will not be enhanced thereby.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

TOWARDS POSITIVE HEALTH

Our National Ill-Health Service. By SURGEON-VICE-ADMIRAL SIR SHELDON DUDLEY. *Watts.* 15s.

This book presents us with the finest example of a misleading title which I remember. Yet another spiteful attack on the idea of public medicine, yet another stupid defence of *laissez-faire* and medical privilege? Nothing could possibly be further from the facts, and although the title does accurately present one aspect of Sir Sheldon's argument, that the emphasis in State medicine is still upon *ill*-health, not upon its prevention in the wider sense, I think it is an unwise choice—it has the wrong overtones.

What the book in fact does is to present the comments on the administration of the civilian medical service of an experienced and humane Services medical administrator—Sir Sheldon Dudley was Medical Director-General, R.N., throughout the greater part of the war. Quite apart from the general argument of the book, its writer himself emerges as a sensible, angular and provocative personality—a blend in prose of the Admiral and the medical Great White Chief who is both clinician and conversationalist. There is a good deal of well-merited hard hitting: In devoting a section of a chapter on de-bunking (where the victims are largely administrative and medical illusions) to "needless epidemics" he can give us a quotation from a poem by Alan Ross on "private enterprise" and go on to castigate the political idiocy which cannot find more than £2m. between 60 countries to finance W.H.O. Sometimes the apophthegm misfires—perhaps it is true that we should not lavish medical resources upon criminals, idiots and sexual perverts while children of normal potentialities lack treatment, but is that the point? Such lapses are very few, however, and are a small price to pay for a deal of good sense.

The general offensive on medical and lay stupidity is the most entertaining part of the book, but the more important section follows, in a description of the preventive medicine current in the Services. The lessons of the successes which were obtained there ought, it is argued, to be applied to civilian life. In point of fact, Sir Sheldon finds himself uncovering—and is one of the first senior medical scientists to uncover in public—a problem that rightly belongs to political theory, to the controversy between Socialism and anarchism: in no other field, perhaps, is State intervention so abundantly justifiable as in the field of health. Where, as in the Navy, one can combine discipline, persuasion and good conditions, one can vastly improve health—the State could do likewise. And yet—and this, too, appears implicitly in all Sir Sheldon's argument, and leads him to make the reservations which he does make—the State, by its nature, is somehow in practice strangely incapable of positive attitudes. It *could* finance W.H.O. instead of spending the substance of the world in psychopathic feuds. It *could* devote itself to an attitude of health-creation, as the obverse of disease-prevention. The fact, abundantly documented, is that it does not. The men and the system are the wrong shape. In his naval capacity, Sir Sheldon was able within his terms of reference to initiate such positive policies, but the Navy is contained within the State: the positive-minded administrator is only given his head within such an encapsulated organisation. Once again we are back where we have often been before. Medicine could give us a healthy world, if society, if politicians would let it. This is a state of affairs which no intelligent physician can ultimately ignore. In Sir Sheldon's book yet another authoritative voice is raised in support of that realisation.

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SHORTER REVIEWS

Off-Stage. By CHARLES LANDSTONE. *Elek.* 18*s.*

Everyone interested in theatre politics will find this book fascinating. The author was in at the very start of the experiment in State-aided theatre, which began with C.E.M.A. and still continues with the Arts Council. The book is not an official history, but a purely personal account of Mr. Landstone's experiences as an administrator. Administration can no doubt be dry, dull and arid. But it is never so in Mr. Landstone's hands, for he combines with an ability to organise, a devotion to the theatre and a generous humanity. The early days of the enterprise were passed under the inspiration and the handicaps of war-time. Administering consisted in overcoming the bureaucratic difficulties and smoothing the path for the hard-worked artists, and also in keeping up morale in the trying conditions under which the work of under-equipped travelling companies was done.

Peace brought a different kind of problem; the battle of principles engaged itself hotly on several fronts. Did we want State-aided theatre, and, if so, what kind? The clash was dramatised in public controversies—the first the question of the association of non-profit-making companies with the Arts Council, the second the Old Vic dispute. Mr. Landstone was at the centre of both of them, and his account is therefore invaluable in understanding them. It will be noticed that, though he held decided opinions about both, he is always scrupulously fair to the other side. But, important though these disputes of principle were and are, it is not for his part in them that the author would wish his book to be chiefly read. It is for the history of solid achievement in launching the various repertory companies under the aegis of the Arts Council, of which the Bristol Old Vic, Mr. Landstone's special child, is the most important and well-known.

The Origins of Christianity. By ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 21*s.*

This is an able Marxian account of Christian beginnings. Men are not naturally religious, says Mr. Robertson; they are made so by education, by which the privileged inculcate the ideas, once revolutionary but now dead, which support the present social order. From time to time the dispossessed revolt, as under the leadership of the Jewish prophets or of Jesus the Messiah. Christianity was in origin a Palestinian proletarian revolution against Rome, and aimed at an economic triumph of the down-trodden. But Paul and middle-class Grecian leaders compromised with Rome and softened the revolutionary spirit of the poor with doles of money, turning Christianity into a mere other-worldly mysticism, socially stable, politically innocuous and advantageous to the clergy.

Mr. Robertson always takes the most radical view of the documents. He is sure that there was a primitive Aramaic revolutionary gospel (though in fact no one has seen it); yet he says that the text of Paul's letters is largely interpolation, and the letters of Ignatius are forged. He says about the apocryphal *Gospel to the Hebrews* that "we know that it lacked the virgin-birth story and made Jesus far more human than the average church leader of the second century could stomach"; surely this is not knowledge but inference from inadequate data. His arguments from psychological probability or drastically edited documents are sometimes dangerously *a priori*, dependent on the theory they are intended to prove. Within the limits of his interest, Mr. Robertson presents a keenly argued case; but it is difficult to believe that in the New Testament and the early church there is nothing more than the effort of bourgeois compromisers to smother a proletarian revolution for their own advantage.

English Historical Documents. Vol. VIII: 1660-1714. Edited by ANDREW BROWNING. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 80*s.*

Professor Browning, in compiling this volume, was faced with a task of immense difficulty, and it is hard to think of anyone who could have done it better. The aim of the editors is to make the primary sources of English history available to students—and to anyone else with £50 in his pocket—in twelve stout and beautifully produced volumes. But as the centuries advance such an aim becomes more and more difficult to attain. There can be little quarrel about the essential core of such a collection, the vital statutes, cases and statistics; but from the unlimited abundance of printed and manuscript sources on which the historian of the seventeenth century must work, how can a collection be made which will be more than a highly selective anthology—a selection, moreover, made on principles with which other scholars may quarrel and those of the next generation will certainly reject?

Professor Browning's choice of material, presented with lucid commentary and learned bibliography, is thorough in essentials and wide in scope, and is, as one would expect, especially useful in the light it sheds on political and parliamentary development. Fat sections are devoted to Trade and Plantations, to Local Government, to Public Finance and to Personalities, as well as to the great problems of Church and State. But how easily one can carp! On the intellectual developments of the age, for instance, we are given only a brief account of the Royal Society; and of the Bank of England there is no mention. All in all this is as good a collection as one could hope for: such inadequacies as there are lie not in the execution, but in the grand design.

Alfred Marshall and Current Thought. By A. C. PIGOU. *Macmillan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Professor Pigou's small book on Keynes was one of the most generous and moving tributes ever paid to an outstanding intellect by its foremost adversary. The publication of his lectures on current affairs, cast in the form of a speculation on what his revered master and teacher might have made of current economic thought, is thus intriguing. This small book merits the closest attention; it strips the increasing refinement of mathematical economics of its false intellectual glamour. If Professor Pigou in the best (or worst) Anglo-Saxon tradition refrains from inquiring into the social causes that lie behind the success of this pastime, at least he never disguises his contempt for the method itself. "Marshall," he writes, "was essentially and emphatically pro-realism. So far as he was against mathematical elaborations in economics it was only because he feared that realism might suffer."

In an equally robust way, he brushes aside the web of fashionable sophistication spun to support the contention first, that you cannot compare the satisfaction different people derive from an increase in their respective incomes, and second, that an *objective* measurement of the change in national real income is feasible: "a given amount of stuff may be presumed to yield a similar amount of satisfaction . . . as between representative members of groups" and "transfers from larger incomes to smaller incomes . . . make the sum total of satisfaction larger."

Professor Pigou appears to accept consumption socialism more readily than the collective organisation of production—a somewhat quixotic attitude in view of the experiences of 1945-51. His unequivocal approval of the quest for better statistics is emphasised by the sad fate of his suggestive essay on the Trade Balance. It has completely been vitiated by the sudden revision of statistics for the critical post-war years. The *changes* in data for 1951 are *greater* than the *total gold losses* for that fateful year. This is a sad comment on the success of six years of Labour Government "planning" propaganda. In the United States "hard" facts are available in profusion. Here policy and scientific interpretation are vitiated by faulty statistics. It is not surprising that statistical "mistakes" had the same effect on the minds of Labour Ministers as the panic-mongering of the famous May Report of 1931

A Voyage Round the World with Captain Cook in H.M.S. "Resolution". By ANDERS SPARRMAN. *Hale.* 21*s.*

This book is a reprint of the limited Golden Cockerel edition of 1944. The Swedish original appeared early in the nineteenth century, but had never previously been translated. Anders Sparrman was a young Swedish botanist who sailed with Captain Cook on his second voyage as one of the "experimental gentlemen"—so the naturalists and astronomers who accompanied the expedition were called by the rest of the ship's company. The *Resolution* sailed in southern latitudes for three years, in the course of which the ship touched at New Zealand, Tahiti, Easter Island, the Marquesas, the Friendly Islands, the New Hebrides and New Caledonia, besides penetrating the Antarctic Circle in vain search of an Antarctic Continent.

In the polar regions Sparrman apparently took little cognisance of anything beyond whales, albatrosses, icebergs, penguins and foul weather, but in the balmy air of the tropics his observations expanded. There the vegetation was of absorbing interest, and he was able to collect many specimens for the benefit of Linnæus, the great Swedish botanist. The natives too were a novelty to him. He noted down what he saw of their uncivilised methods of life in a sketchy, anthropological way; but his moral feelings took precedence over scientific interest. As a puritanical Protestant he could only deplore their suspected cannibalism, their thievish propensities, and their regrettable readiness for promiscuous intercourse. The sooner missionaries were despatched to reform and chasten them the better. His English comrades he held in great respect, except where brown girls were concerned; he particularly admired the national phlegm and indifference in the face of danger. Only once did Captain Cook forfeit his good opinion—pardonably, one might suppose. For, when aground on a coral reef on a lee shore, the Captain extracted his ship from its predicament with a volley of curses. "I should have preferred, however, to hear fewer Goddamns," comments the prim Swede.

Charles Dickens: A Sentimental Journey in Search of an Unvarnished Portrait. By MICHAEL HARRISON. *Cassell.* 21*s.*

Virginia Woolf declared that she would not cross the street to shake hands with Dickens. Michael Harrison, more of an enthusiast, has visited the region between Rochester and Camden Town to identify buildings and places with which Dickens and his characters are associated. His account of this pilgrimage is a mixture of travel fiction, and biography. One passage purports to reveal the feelings of Dickens and his wife on their honeymoon night.

Mr. Harrison writes credibly of Ellen Ternan, the young actress with whom the fifty-year-old Charles

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sought to recapture his lost youth. He inquires into the blacking factory period and proves that the "Very Queer Small Boy" spent less time there than is imagined. And over psychoanalysis he keeps his balance nicely, sparing us most of the jargon. In fact a lot of this book is so good that its background of topography and conjecture arouses impatience. Why a sentimental journey? Why not a straightforward life and have done with it? The random wandering sometimes leads to absurd digressions. Also the author has not guarded against those twin evils of middle-age, rage and nostalgia. His gibes at modern planning, his digs at railway porters who smoke "democratic" fags and cannot tell the times of trains, are revealing—but not of Dickens.

The Priest and the Siren. By W. S. HANDLEY JONES. *Epworth Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This is a collection of literary essays from, for these days, a somewhat unusual source: the author is a Nonconformist minister. He is conscious that his interests are a little unusual, and the most rewarding of these essays are the first and last, in which he explores, in different ways, the relations between religion and imaginative writing. The first, the title-essay, deals with the stern Evangelicals of 'The Clapham Sect" whose most distinguished modern descendants are the un-Evangelical E. M. Forster and Virginia Woolf. Mr. Handley Jones concludes that "The insistence of evangelical religion on the validity of 'experience,' on the need of deep personal verification of religious truth, fosters a habit of mind which also quite naturally finds expression in art." One could wish this essay had been longer.

In the last piece in the book Mr. Handley Jones openly reveals his envy of the Roman Church its possession of Mgr. Knox, Belloc, Chesterton and Maurice Baring. Perhaps significantly, Evelyn Waugh and Graham Greene go unmentioned. This at any rate points to the author's limits: he is plainly most at home with the Edwardians. His greatest admiration is reserved for Chesterton, though the best essay is probably that on Galsworthy: this is fair and judicious. On Shaw he tends to write as though he were primarily a philosopher and not a comic dramatist. It is interesting that his strongest dislikes seem to be for those novelists who were lapsed Dissenters: Bennett and Lawrence. Bennett was a much more attractive human being than he appears in these pages; as for Lawrence, who for Mr. Handley Jones is "the Hitler of the intellect," a recent Anglican estimate of him, Father Tiverton's *D. H. Lawrence and Human Existence*, is strikingly different, much more charitable and infinitely more perceptive. Mr. Handley Jones does not appear to understand what is meant by "art for art's sake"; it stands for something much more serious and formidable than he supposes.

The Smith. By F. W. ROBINS. *Rider.* 15*s.*

This is an almost perfect example of the type of book whose manufacture and marketing follow the lines of a well-tried prescription. The author must spend a given number of hours in the British Museum, filling notebooks on whose pages he should sprinkle, if possible, a dash of "colour" from personal impressions and recollections; the publisher must be able to talk of "fascinating lore"; and the reader must be persuaded that this is just the stuff for the bedside shelf—easy, inconsequential and, occasionally, amusing. Applying this prescription to the craft of the smith, Mr. Robins has collected, and presented without much thought to arrangement, a good deal of background material, from Tubal Cain and Wayland to St. Eloi, the patron of hammermen. He has also essayed, rather sketchily, to depict the evolution of workmanship in wrought iron through the Middle Ages and the Guilds, the seventeenth-century craftsmen, like Tompion, who were clock-makers as well as smiths, down to the vanishing village smithies of our day. For the bedside, dozily—perhaps. But there are odd and unfortunate omissions in these random jottings: the armourer and cutler get scant notice; and the author, who seems to think that nail-making, by hand, died with the seventeenth century, has not one word to say of that remarkable, and still extant, blacksmiths' craft, the making of chains.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,248

Set by Marmaduke Dench

The usual prizes are offered for a valentine in verse addressed to any contemporary politician (British or foreign) and consisting of twelve lines, the initial letters of which make the words NEW STATESMAN. Entries by February 2.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,245

Set by C. L. Drummond

Competitors are asked to imagine that certain British hoteliers, taking inspiration from their Dijon confrère who has installed running wine in his bedrooms, will shortly provide taps in each room for Beer and Tea: and to compose a rhymed notice (in English, French or American) to hang beside the installation for the benefit of guests.

Report by C. L. Drummond

With a flow of entries that gushed as freely as the the pleasure-giving taps—and that came from Canada, Austria, Germany, France, Finland, Israel and the States, as well as from several native hostelries—I decided to be strict about plausibility. The rhymes, even if in French or American, were to be put up by the managements and not by their guests (though L. Gillam was on to a good idea in adding a second scurrilous quatrain scribbled "by a vandal's hand" under the printed notice). Yves Denis reflected, I regret, a *French* point of view in his *Ici tout est courant:*

Si l'abus de notre piquette
Vous faisait rêver d'isoloir,
Rappelez-vous que la "Toilette"
Vous attend au bout du couloir.
Mais s'il vous fait passer dans l'âme
Quelque nostalgique frisson,
Vous pouvez, Monsieur ou Madame,
Sonner la bonne ou le garçon.

Awkwardness in handling foreign tongues was to be allowed to English hoteliers—also a certain artlessness in rhythm and rhyme, of which John Brown gave a pleasing example:

Although we all know beer is best
We beg of you, gentle guest
To use this tap with common sense
Otherwise what happens to the license?

And while I could just imagine a pubkeeper using a limerick, an Ogden Nashery seemed quite outside the bounds of likelihood—unless even the *Bull and Bush* has taken to a professional Public Relations Officer. Neither was derogatory comment part of the management's function: for this reason I disqualified P. J. Sidey, but quote him as he expressed a widely shared sentiment:

Old friends will know
That the COLD tap's hot
And the HOT tap's cold,
(In the past they've burned themselves a lot).
But now the BEER
Brings tea from the pot
And the TEA brings beer,
And neither is cold and neither hot.

First prizes of a guinea each to Molly Manfield, John R. Kohr and Estotro; half a guinea to J. R. Till (*his* pubkeeper is no doubt a failed literary gent), Howard E. Shaw, J. B. Smith, H. J. R., Pat Bullen and Hilary.

Honourable mention to N. Bower ("Le robinet du bock fonctionne aux heures fiscales"), H. W. Jackson (for a brisk and likely opening—

Tea for the Lady, Beer for the Gent:
Compliments of the Management!)—

to H. L. Hamlet of Tel-Aviv for his spirited tea-propaganda, and to C. G. Pearson and M. A. Haynes.

Avis! Il est interdit de se laver
Dans les chambres. Les robinets sont réservés
Uniquement à ceux désirant profiter
De la bière et du thé récemment installés.
Service assuré la nuit régulièrement,
Sauf les jours fériés. Pendant toute la saison
Bière froide, thé chaud—instamment.
Prière d'adresser toute plainte au patron.

MOLLY MANFIELD

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The Listener

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MAX LERNER

Germany as a Trade Competitor
TERENCE PRITTIE

Ten Weeks in Brazil (I): The Tale of a Haggis
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Dear Guest and Gentle Boarder
Left Tap, Beer. Right Tap, Tea.
Don't Turn Simultaneously!
(TEMPORARILY OUT OF ORDER)

JOHN R. KOHR

In a small Scottish hotel

Mes amis qui viennent ici
Au nord du pays de la perfidie,
Loin de votre Chablis,
N'ayez pas de souci,
Car en ouvrant ce robinet* [e]
Vous trouverez une bonne demie
Ou une tasse d'English tea . .
Il n'y a pas de whisky à cause du
export policy.

*Manuscript alteration by a French guest being pernickity. ESTOTRO

Flow, fountains, flow, to greet our noble guest,
Whose palate, jaded, may by Beer[1] be blessed;
Should he need Tea[2], by zeph'rous breezes fanned,
Remark the pressure of his social hand.

[1] Sold only between 6 and 10 p.m.
[2] Guests requiring milk and sugar should apply at the kitchen in the basement. We regret that the lift is not working J. R. TILL

What now to do, say you?
The hour of ten is when
You're cursed with thirst? But see,
A tap for tea, and here
A tap for beer. All guests
Are urged to clink, and drink
To our stout nation
And the British Travel Association.

HOWARD E. SHAW

The Management of this Establishment is proud
NON-RESIDENTS IN BEDROOMS STRICTLY NOT ALLOWED
To intimate that Guests are liberally supplied
SEE THAT THE TAPS ARE CLOSED BEFORE YOU GO OUTSIDE
By modern means installed regardless of expense
HIRE CHARGE FOR MUGS OR CUPS—SEE TARIFF SUPPLEMENTS
With beverages for which their name has long been famous
FUEL IS RATIONED: IF THE TEA IS COLD DON'T BLAME US

J. B. SMITH

A notice to the foreign guest.
There are three things that we do best:
Plumbing beer and tea.
Here you have all three. H. J. R.

In these Taps is Beer and Tea
British, wholesome; warm and Free:
Welcome, foreigners and all
(Please leave Mugs attached to wall):
Drink your Fill and clean up after
(Cloth is hanging from the the Rafter).

PAT BULLEN

Some hae thirst, and cannot quench it.
Some dry throats, and cannot drench it.
But we hae beer, and if ye'd drink it
Just twist the spigot, Science be thenkit!

HILARY

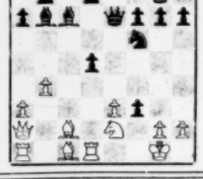
CHESS: David is a Goliath

No. 225

Whenever a David smites a Goliath there is much and rightful rejoicing. As for David (Bronstein), though, taking on a score of good London players he happens to be a Goliath in his own right; and so are Tolush and Alotorzev, who battled likewise in our National Chess Centre. Even so, the grandmasters did not have it all their own way. Here is the one and only defeat inflicted on Bronstein, quite a feather in young M. J. Franklin's cap.

(1)	P-K4	P-QB4	(16) Kt x Kt	P x Kt
(2)	Kt-KB3	P-Q3	(17) P-Q4	P x P
(3)	P-QB3	Kt-KB3	(18) P x P	P-QR4
(4)	Q-B2	Q-B2	(19) Kt-K3	P-Kt5
(5)	P-KKt3	P-QKt3	(20) P-Q5	P-B6
(6)	B-Kt2	B-Kt2	(21) P x KtP	P x P (Kt5)
(7)	P-Q3	QKt-Q2	(22) P x KP	P x KP
(8)	QKt-Q2	P-K3	(23) R x R ch	R x R
(9)	O-O	B-K2	(24) Q-Kt3	B-QB1
(10)	R-K1	O-O	(25) Kt-B5	B-B1
(11)	Kt-B1	QR-B1	(26) P-K5	Kt-Kt5
(12)	B-B4	Kt-K4	(27) Kt-Q6	Q-B4
(13)	QR-Q1	KR-Q1	(28) R-B1	B x Kt
(14)	B-B1	P-QKt4	(29) P x B	R-B1
(15)	P-QR3	P-B5	(30) B-B4	P-Kt4

Here Bronstein resigned with all the good grace and charm we have come to expect from him and his colleagues. But here (playing Black) he is in his more customary role of the victor. Note how incisively and elegantly he forces the issue. (Diagr. on L.)



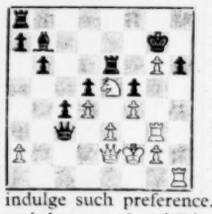
(19) P x P P-Q5! (24) B-B2 B x BP
(20) Kt x P B-Kt3 (25) Kt-Kt3 Q-R6
(21) B-Kt3 QR-B1 (26) B-B5 R x B ch
(22) Kt-B5 R x R ch (27) resigns
(23) B x R Q-Q2

Here is how Eileen Tranmer achieved her win against Tolush. (Diagr. on R.)

(47)		K-B2	(53) Kt-Q2	P-R6
(48)	P-QR4	P-QR3	(54) Kt-Kt3	P-R7
(49)	Kt-Q2	K-Kt2	(55) Kt-R1	K-B2
(50)	Kt-KB3	P-QR4	(56) Kt-B2	Kt-Q1
(51)	P-Kt5	P x P	(57) P-QB6	Kt-B2
(52)	P x P	P-R5	(58) Kt-R1	Kt-Q3

and the grandmaster soon resigned.

A: W. Winter 1929



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which White very neatly forced the issue in three moves. How? As for the "meat" of this week's competition, since all our Russian guests assured me that Kubbel is their favourite composer—a predilection shared by me—we might do worse than indulge such preference. Both **B** and **C** are draws, and they rate 6 and 7 ladder-points respectively.

B: Leonid Kubbel 1928

C: Leonid Kubbel 1929

Usual prizes. Entries by February 1.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set January 2

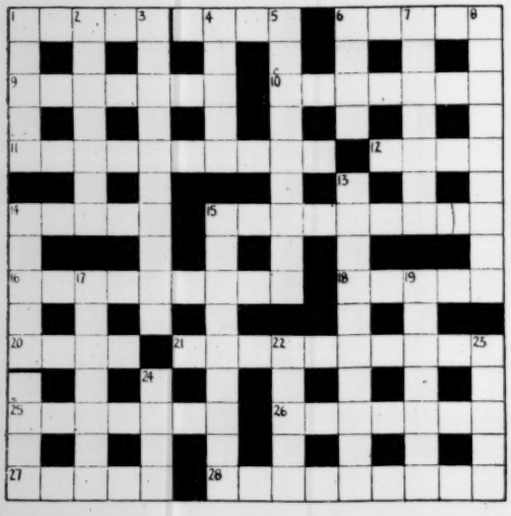
A: (1) B x P ch, K x B. (2) Q-R5 ch, K-Kt1. (3) Kt-Kt5, etc.
B: (1) P-R5, P-Kt4. (2) P-R6, K-Q4. (3) K-Kt4, K-B3. (4) K-R5, etc.
If (1) . . K-Q4. (2) P x P, P x P. (3) K-Kt4, K-B3. (4) K-B4 etc.
C: (1) R-Kt6 ch! K-R4. (2) R-Kt5 ch, K-R5. (3) R-Kt4 ch, K x R. (4) R-QKt2 ch, K-B6. (5) R-KR2! Q x R. (6) P queens, Q x Q, stalemate.
If (1) . . . K x R. (2) R-QKt2 ch, K any. (3) P queens, Q x Q, stalemate.

A good many competitors dropped a point or two for failing to see all the subtleties of **C**. Even so there was nearly a score of flawless solutions. Prizes shared by E. A. Barclay-Smith, E. W. Carmichael, J. B. Cock, J. M. Reid, A. D. McLaren.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 81

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 84, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 2nd Feb.



ACROSS

1. Universal means of transport (5, 4).
6. Lead someone into the hall (5).
9. Weak, but there is a little taste in the centre (7).
10. He mends his ways (7).
11. Serious measures to provide resting places (10).
12. It takes a penny paper to be tedious (4).
14. Dispatches for bobtails (5).
15. Firmly fixed the head in the tail (9).
16. Stringed instruments for male dancers (9).
18. Sailing-ships finish as flood relief vessels (5).
20. Only part of the figure is cold (4).
21. Cover in the palms perhaps to provide eye protectors (10).
25. Help to make the runner very jittery and put him off (7).
26. "With ceaseless —— seething . . . A mighty mountain momently was forced" (Coleridge) (7).
27. Island of inquisition in a hellish spot (5).
28. A rough game by Pegasus? (9).

DOWN

1. Weapon for supporting arms (5).
2. No drinking refrain (7).
3. "Poetry is the impassioned —— which is the countenance of all science" (Wordsworth) (10).
4. To survive decapitation a creature must have a hardy make-up (5).
5. Inter pares it may be said these are most attractive places (9).
6. Tree in which the juice does not quite rise to the top (4).
7. Pigeon in charge of a poet (7).
8. See danger comes from the deserters (9).
13. Toy which is to be taken very seriously (10).
14. Mrs. Centlivre's true character (5, 4).
15. The heroine of Longbourn (9).
17. Tiny in name only (7).
19. Evidently the Communists vote like cattle (7).
22. Father of literature (5).
23. Go out with a girl who has everything (5).
24. They come between abjects and imitations (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 82

C	A	L	I	B	R	E		S	T	A	F	F	E	D
H		I		L		C				L		R		R
E	N	T	R	A	N	C	E		L	I	B	I	D	O
A		M		C		L		N		B		G		V
P	L	U	C	K		E	L	I	M	I	N	A	T	E
E		S		B		S		G				T		R
R		P	A	R	I	S	H	I	O	N	E	R	S	
		N		L		A		T		P		S		
D	O	U	B	L	E	S	H	I	F	T	S			C
E		N				T		N		I		R		A
C	R	E	M	A	T	I	N	G		C	L	I	M	B
O		A		X		C		A		I		D		A
R	E	T	A	I	N		O	L	E	A	N	D	E	R
U		O		O			E		N		L		E	
M	A	N	X	M	A	N		S	U	S	P	E	C	T

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 82

Elinor Kahn (New York), M. Rackham (Dulwich), R. C. Readett (Birmingham, 11).

Company Meetings

MARTINS BANK LIMITED

Mr. A. HAROLD BIBBY'S STATEMENT.

INCREASED DIVIDEND.

Mr. A. Harold Bibby, D.S.O., D.L., Chairman of Martins Bank Limited, in the course of his circulated statement to the shareholders said *inter alia*:—

The net profit for the year shows a rise of £73,612 over the previous year and a final dividend of 10% has been declared making 17½%, less tax, for the year, compared with 15%, less tax, for 1952. In the absence of any unforeseen happening we should hope to pay 8¾%, less tax, in July, as an interim dividend.

The Published Reserve now stands at £6,000,000 following a substantial transfer from Contingencies Account which remains fully able to safeguard any calls that may be made on it.

Further, our investment policy consequent upon the general rise in values has resulted in a considerably strengthened investment reserve.

The year 1953 has been a year of real progress: markets have been freed and a casting-off of frustration was typified in the national upward surge of enthusiasm which found public expression in the Coronation. The country sensed that Britain and the Commonwealth have, in fact, a great and proud heritage and that the present generation is fully able to add in their time to the glories of the past, given enthusiasm and endurance.

The need for greater production and more exports is still urgent but the burden of taxation on industry and on individuals is a discouragement to increased effort.

Last year's budget was a step towards restoring incentives but to the man earning up to, say, £20 a week or the man in the considerably higher category of earned income there is no realistic incentive.

High taxation is the negation of thrift, and we shall die industrially unless efficiency, energy, the will to expand and elimination of waste are encouraged.

The same dis-incentive of lack of inducement affects everyone—the shareholder, the executive, and the workman, and yet it is rightly accepted by all, that extra risk, skill and effort should bring extra rewards. If the incentives to earn more were restored by adjusting taxation then, and then only, would there be a voluntary increase in effort and output.

In our budget a large proportion of our taxes goes in the servicing of the national debt and on defence. Only a madman would advocate risking our national security and all we can urge is that we get full value for that expenditure and also for the rest of Government expenditure.

One pound of our income can only be spent once. We have the choice of saying "Whitehall knows best" and let Whitehall spend that pound for us or we can demand to be allowed to spend it as we think best and wisest. What is certain is it cannot be spent twice.

Study at Home for a DEGREE

No matter what your position or prospects a University Degree is a good thing to have. You can obtain a London University Degree without "going into residence" or attending lectures. It is necessary only to pass three examinations (in some cases, *two*). You can do all your reading for these in your leisure hours with the experienced help of Wolsey Hall (founded in 1894). Conducted by a staff of over 100 Graduate Tutors, Wolsey Hall postal courses have enabled thousands of men and women to obtain Degrees and thereby raise their status. Write for **PROSPECTUS** to C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH 85,

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

DISTRICT BANK LIMITED

The Chairman, Sir Thomas D. Barlow, G.B.E., has circulated, with the report and accounts, his statement to the shareholders of District Bank, Ltd., prior to the 124th Annual General Meeting to be held on 12th February at the Head Office, Spring Gardens, Manchester. In the course of his statement the Chairman said:—

From the Balance Sheet you will see that deposits, which have been running at a higher level throughout the year, now stand at £251,000,000 and exceed last year's record figure by £3 millions. Our liquid assets—Cash, Money at call and short notice, Treasury Bills and Bills of Exchange—at 35.5 per cent. of our deposits, still show a high degree of liquidity. Investments are increased by £4 millions: practically all our holdings of British Government Securities continue to be repayable at fixed dates and appear in the Balance Sheet below their market value.

Although the figure for Advances is larger than it was twelve months ago, the average level of lendings has not varied greatly from that of the previous year, and the higher figure recorded embraces certain advances of a very temporary nature. Our lendings continue to be well spread over the whole range of industry and it is pleasing to report that to a growing extent our funds are being used to further the export trade and to assist other industries of major importance, including agriculture which has the heavy responsibility of providing so much of the country's food. From this it may be gathered that within the limits of the Chancellor's directives every effort is being made to help enterprises which contribute to the nation's prosperity.

The increase in the Bank Property item is accounted for by the purchase of properties and the rebuilding or extension of premises where the business has outgrown the existing accommodation. In accordance with our programme of development we hope to open offices in two important centres, Newcastle-on-Tyne and Derby, within the next twelve months.

With the gradual easing of trading restrictions by many countries there has been an expansion in the business of our Foreign Department. The re-opening of the commodity markets and the larger imports have brought us a greater volume of foreign exchange transactions and more import credits have been established on behalf of customers. Especially welcome has been a recent addition to the total of export bills and a small though significant increase in the number of our export credits.

Realising the many difficulties which now face those who seek to maintain and increase the sale of their goods abroad, our Export Information Service makes available to customers as much data as possible concerning market and financial conditions overseas. Much of this valuble information is gained by our officials, who continue to make frequent visits to other countries.

Each of our Trustee offices is making good headway and the over-all activities of the Department show a progressive increase year by year. The rapid growth of our trustee business over little short of half a century provides ample proof of the growing appreciation of this specialist service.

The year's results show a satisfactory improvement. After the usual provisions have been made, Net Profit at £559,744 is £44,072 higher than that of the previous year and, with the amount brought forward, the disposable balance is £854,105. As mentioned in the Report we are appropriating £200,000 to our General Reserve and, since we feel the time has arrived when there is justification for an increased payment on the "A" and "C" shares, we are recommending a final dividend of 10% per cent. on these shares (making 20 per cent. for the year). We are also recommending the maximum dividend of 5 per cent. on the "B" shares (making 10 per cent. for the year), all dividends being paid less income tax. Subject to satisfactory profits being earned, it is the intention of the Board to recommend that this annual level of distribution be maintained, and that the dividend should be paid in equal half-yearly instalments. After the appropriation to General Reserve and allowing for the dividends, which items together will absorb £510,027, there remains a sum of £344,078 to be carried forward to the next account.

BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED

Anthony William Tuke, *Chairman.*

Sir Frederick Cecil Ellerton, *Deputy Chairman.*

Cuthbert Fitzherbert, Anthony Charles Barnes, D.S.O., O.B.E., *Vice-Chairmen.*

General Managers: **G. F. Lewis, R. G. Thornton, J. D. Cowen, E. Brimelow.**

General Manager (Staff): **A. G. Boyd.**

Statement of Accounts, 31st December, 1953

LIABILITIES

	£
Current, Deposit and other Accounts	1,389,108,838
Acceptances, Guarantees, Indemnities, etc., for account of customers	49,371,851
Paid-up Capital	22,914,703
Reserve Fund	12,750,000

ASSETS

Cash in hand and with the Bank of England	106,222,347
Balances with other British Banks and Cheques in course of collection	62,687,758
Money at Call and Short Notice	81,288,500
Bills Discounted	296,353,907
Investments	499,787,259
Advances to customers and other Accounts	353,479,204
Investments in Subsidiaries:—	
The British Linen Bank	3,728,558
Other Subsidiaries	9,753,388
Other Trade Investments	1,957,420
Bank Premises and adjoining Properties	9,515,200
Customers' Liability for Acceptances, Guarantees, Indemnities, etc.	49,371,851

HEAD OFFICE: 54 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.3

Company Meetings

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED

LARGER PROFIT AND DIVIDEND

The annual general meeting of Lloyds Bank Limited will be held on Feb. 12 in London.

In his statement accompanying the report and accounts for the year ended Dec. 31, 1953, the chairman, The Rt. Hon. Lord Balfour of Burleigh, D.C.L., D.L., states:—

Our profit at £2,083,781 is £119,116 higher than last year, but should the steady decline in our Loans and Advances persist and the growth of our staff costs and running expenses continue, our future earnings may not be maintained at the present level.

With regard to the increase of 2 per cent. in the dividend, making 14 per cent for the year, I have indicated on previous occasions that it has been considerations of public policy which have been largely in your directors' minds in recent years in refraining from altering our rate of distribution, but it has become at last a matter of simple justice to the shareholder that we should permit some alleviation of the restraint which we have so long imposed on ourselves and on him.

It is considered desirable to strengthen our published reserves, and a sum of £500,000 has been added to General Reserve, making the total of the Reserve Fund £16,500,000. An amount of £300,000 has been allocated to Reserve for Future Contingencies.

Current, Deposit and other Accounts at £1,204 millions show an increase of £35 millions. The principal changes in our assets are increases of £50 millions in our holding of Treasury Bills and £4 millions in our Investments. In conformity with the general trend of bankers' advances, as a result of the restrictive lending policy, our Loans and Advances show a reduction of £21 millions, the largest falls being in the categories of Public Utilities and Personal and Professional borrowers.

Essentials for the Future

Surveying post-war events, he said: Nobody would deny that we have in most respects done much better than after 1918. Taking the country as a whole and the period as a whole, the distinguishing feature has been the high level and stability of employment. Indeed, it is symbolic of the contrast between the two periods that, whereas 1926 will be remembered as the year of the General Strike, 1953 will be remembered as the year of the Coronation. Nevertheless, the level of public expenditure and the dead weight of taxation remain one of the chief obstacles to our future stability and progress. I cannot escape the conclusion that our position must still occasion grave concern. It is true that the acute peril of two years ago has been surmounted. The immediate threat to the stability of the pound sterling has receded. We have a breathing space gained by our own efforts, with the help of some good fortune. But before we can face the future with confidence, two things are necessary, both of them dependent upon an adequate supply of savings.

First we need a great increase in the volume of productive investment at home, for we cannot hope to hold our position in world markets unless the rate of modernisation of our industrial equipment at least keeps pace with that of our competitors. Secondly, our overseas earnings must somehow be increased until these are sufficient not merely to pay for our food and raw materials in a good year but to leave a substantial surplus year in year out.

Notwithstanding the progress made in checking inflation during the past two years, the continuance of the wages spiral is sufficient evidence that inflation persists. We have to ask ourselves whether the last two budgets have after all been sufficiently realistic. Moreover, it is clear that monetary policy in the sense of higher rates of interest alone cannot do everything. If we wish to ensure that the pound maintains its value, that manpower finds its way to the right industries, that increased output goes into exports or capital formation and not into consumption, then an expansion in bank deposits is not the best way to promote those aims. It is the inescapable duty of the Government to put a stop to inflation at its source, which is the additional supply of money derived from Government spending.

Without effective disinflation, maximum production of the right things is not within our reach, though in addition it requires the fullest co-operation of capital and labour. I am sure the hard fact is not sufficiently realised that no one in the world owes us a living and that, utterly dependent as we are on the sale of exports in a buyers' market, nothing will get us through but tremendous efficiency and the fullest competitive power.

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK LIMITED

STERLING SHOULD BE MADE CONVERTIBLE

The 121st annual general meeting of National Provincial Bank Limited will be held on 11th February in London.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement of the Chairman (David John Robarts, Esq.):—

The net profit for the year is £1,765,768 compared with £1,525,013 for 1952. The amount brought forward from 1952 is £686,466 and this, added to this year's profit of £1,765,768, gives a disposable figure of £2,452,234. An interim dividend of 8½ per cent. has been paid and accounted for £443,162. It is proposed to deal with the balance as follows:—to pay a final dividend of 8½ per cent. and to make an appropriation to reserve funds of £750,000. Thereafter will remain to be carried forward a balance amounting to £815,909.

The past year marks a definite turn for the better in our post-war readjustment. It may be hoped that this year the nation will go forward in better heart to work together in common task of rebuilding our prosperity by the only means by which it can be done—greater efficiency and higher productivity.

During the past year definite progress has been made in the financial field. The clearest evidence is the strength of sterling which has become more and more a hard currency. There is still much to be done before we can reach a position of financial security and independence and if a chill wind should blow from overseas we might find ourselves again in grave difficulties. We do not want to justify the wisecrack that we have turned the corner so often that we are now back again where we started.

One might have expected that the steadiness of the sterling exchange and the improvement in the general position of the sterling area would have enabled the authorities to carry out their declared aim of making sterling convertible—but little has been heard of this subject lately. One of the reasons which have led the authorities to go slow on their objective is apparently disappointment of hopes that the United States would facilitate action by revising their tariffs so as to encourage imports into the U.S.A. If we can root out the inflationary tendencies which still persist in our own system and can make our industries and costs of production more fully competitive in open markets, we will be in a stronger position to appeal for more liberal trade policies, not only in the U.S.A. but throughout the world.

Production Costs the Cardinal Problem

The cardinal problem is to prevent our costs of production from pricing our exports out of the market. There is no social benefit of greater importance to the country than a sound currency and a stable exchange. If our workers insist on constant increases of money wages, without any equivalent increase of productivity, we cannot hope to keep our currency sound or our price level stable. In that case retail prices and the cost of living are bound to rise, but it is no use blaming the Government for the increase of prices—the blame should be laid fairly and squarely on the shoulders of those who have insisted on inflating wages.

It is my firm conviction that sterling must as soon as practicable be made convertible, at any rate for current transactions. A free exchange market would provide the acid test of how our economy is operating. International conditions are at present favourable for the restoration of a free exchange and it may be hoped that the opportunity will not be lost to carry through the internal measures required for that purpose.

Reduction of Taxation and Government Expenditure Essential

Every year since 1945 my predecessors have drawn attention to the threat to enterprise and initiative inherent in the present level of taxation and now more than ever such qualities are essential if we are to survive in an increasingly competitive world. A reduction of taxation is essential on many counts but there is small prospect of this being possible so long as Government expenditure is maintained at its present level. This, indeed, is the central problem, the solution of which would unravel our other difficulties, and until the Government is able to tackle this problem the optimism engendered by the present favourable trends must be qualified by anxiety as to the longer-term prospects.

BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED

AN EVENTFUL YEAR.

MR. A. W. TUKE'S REVIEW.

The annual general meeting of Barclays Bank Limited will be held on 10th February at the Head Office in London.

The following are extracts from the circulated statement of the Chairman, Mr. Anthony William Tuke:—

Our Deposits show an increase of £71,000,000 on the year. In so far as banking figures and indeed the figures of one bank alone can be taken as a criterion, it would appear that, although an increase in banking deposits normally implies increased inflation, there has in fact been little or no deterioration in the country's internal finances, when allowance is made for the growth in industrial production and for the surplus in the balance of payments.

The year 1953 has been an eventful one, perhaps the most eventful and in some ways the most hopeful since the war ended in 1945. At home there has been a progressive relaxation of food rationing and other controls. I am conscious that, arising from the relaxation of controls, there has been some loss of confidence amongst farmers in the past year which I hope and believe is not entirely justified. I cannot myself see the nation ever again neglecting its agriculture. That would be a suicidal thing to do. There are, of course, very great difficulties in marrying freedom in the agricultural markets with guaranteed minimum prices, and it would appear that this problem needs a great deal more thought. Our methods of marketing have in the past been much neglected, and there must be scope to develop new systems to the mutual benefit of the producers, the various middlemen and the consumers.

To turn to the financial and economic sphere, I would note first of all that our reserve of gold and dollars continues to climb slowly towards the still distant goal of sufficiency: sufficiency, that is, to support sterling as a convertible international currency. Not that a sufficiency of reserves, when achieved, is clearly recognisable. If confidence were complete and permanent, no large reserve would be necessary. When confidence is lacking, no reserve, however large, can do more than put off the evil day of bankruptcy. For this improvement in our external reserves the Authorities deserve the greatest credit. Looked at in retrospect, it would seem that the Government's objective has been limited to preventing any further extension of inflation in the economy, and has not included any attempt to reduce the inflation by positive deflationary action. The reduction in the Bank Rate may be regarded as evidence that the immediate crisis is past, and that it is now possible to take a longer view of the country's needs. If, however, another series of claims for higher wages for the same work should be conceded, we may be thrown back into a state of crisis caused quite simply by the impossibility of selling our manufactured goods abroad at the resultant higher prices.

Need for Government Economy

The efforts of the Government to improve the atmosphere, in which it has received loyal support from all sections of the community, can, however, all be wasted unless the question of its own expenditure is tackled in a sterner and more business-like way. It is true that there exist various statutory checks on expenditure, but it is also true to say that, with the exception of the Treasury, they work at too late a stage to exert more than an indirect or moral influence. The problem must be tackled at an earlier stage, when policy is being decided.

An aspect of this question which is fundamentally unsatisfactory is that there is no inescapable pressure on any Government to economise, in the sense that a Board of Directors or a private individual has to economise. If it is prepared to forget that there will be a day of reckoning, there is in the last resort no limit to the amount of money that a Government can raise internally by taxation, or failing that by inflation. To me, it is a horrifying thought that nearly one-third of the whole national product now falls into the maw of Government. Difficult though it may be, it is the civil expenditure of the Government, including the Local Authorities, which must be ruthlessly curtailed.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. 'Phone BAY. 0667. Lux. secv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

A BRIGHT hotel (close Marble Arch), White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2 (PAD. 8406), c.h.w., phones, restaurant, porters from 17s. 6d. daily, and breakfast.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d./15s. 6d. B. & B., wkly. terms arrgd.

COMF. furn.-Service Rms. Bayswater/Paddington Dist. Sgle. & dble. from 45s. & 4gns. wkly. incl. bkfst. AMB. 6118.

LONDON, York House, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. Room & breakfast, 17s. 6d. daily.

SERVICE Rooms, H. & C., gas/elec. fires. Resident Manager. From 3½gns. single, 6gns. double incl. breakfast. Dinner avail. Permanent residents welcome. 11 Sumner Place, S.W.7. KEN. 9854.

LGE. comf. sgle. div. rm. All cons. Next Hamp. Library. Board op. HAM. 3408.

BED-sit. rm. Mod. Court, W. Hampstead Tube for gentleman. £2. MAI. 1223 evgs.

YOUNG man (N Zealand), general interests, particularly music, wants share his Kensington house; reasonable. Box 5037.

THIRD girl wanted to share flat. Own bed-sitting room. 39s. p.w. Ring LADbroke 3590 after 8 p.m.

COMFORTABLE furnished rooms. Quiet, well-run house, £2-£3 5s. 22 Belsize Avenue. PRI. 1043.

LADY offered divan-lounge with actor's family in Regent's Park area. Own elec. stove. £2 10s. inclusive. PRImrose 9067.

LADY offers comf. bed-sitt. room with all facils. for only 30s. p.w. to professional or business woman aged 25-45, in return occas. companionship to delicate, musical girl. Live separately, no duties, only sympathy, tact and genuine interest in music. Holland Park. Highest references. Box 4850.

COMF. single bed-sit., C.H.W., el. fire, linen, daily service, tel., use kit. Weekly all incl. rent, £3 3s. Box 4830.

SPACIOUS accom. best part Hampstead offered 1 or 2 people with artistic sensibilities who like good food & can afford adequate contributions. References. Box 4875.

TO let, 2 divan-rooms in young lady's North Kensington flat. All conveniences. Use 'phone, kitchen, bathroom; or might share flat with two others. Box 4899.

SHARE in large furnished flat Hampstead offered young professional man by two others. Own bedroom. Rent £10 monthly. Refs. Write full particulars to Box 4898.

HAMPSTEAD. Charming divan rm. Ckg. fac. H. & C. basin. Super. accom. for 1 or 2 in quiet house near buses. HAM. 7428.

COMFORTABLE B/S. rm. Swiss Cottage, use bath, kit. 2gns. PRI. 5052.

TWO hard-working girls seek third to share large flat, St. John's Wood. £2 6s. 8d. p.w. & share expenses. Box 4854.

LONDON: Divan-room in modern flat 3gns. weekly incl. breakfast (occ. meals by arrangement). Garden, telephone. Box 5024.

SLOANE Square, in charming house, self-contained, comf. furnished bed-sit., dressing & bath. C.H.W., electricity. Suit professional. £4 4s. with breakfast. Box 5004.

30s. per week single bed-sitting rooms, £2 10s. double, bath, cooking facilities and divans. 2 minutes buses and Tube. MAC. 3188. 5 The Chase, S.W.4.

WELL-furn. b/s rm. in cultured quiet flat. HAM. 0793 aft. 9 p.m. & week-ends.

N.W.3. Furn. flat, 3 rms., k. & b. combined, 6½gns. References. PRI. 3560.

COMF. bed-sit. rm. with all convs., basin h. & c. in room. 5 Stirling Mansions, 12 Canfield Gdns., N.W.6. Tel. MAI. 0157.

TWO luxuriously furn. sgle. serviced rooms. One 23 × 15, £3 3s., one £2 15s., incls. use kit., bath, c.h.w., gas, milk 'frig., bedlin. Elec. fire, check meter. MAI. 5267.

LONDON. Professional people seeking a really well-furnished service room with breakfast and dinner, close to West End, are invited to call at Park House, 143 Holland Park Ave., W.11. Park 6280.

YOUNG professional couple offer attractive single room, breakfast optional. N.W.2. GLA. 4670 after 7 p.m. Irvine.

HIGHGATE, near Tube. 2 bed-sitting rooms, professional family. Breakfast/evening snack. 3gns.-4gns. Box 4900.

MALE tenant wanted, 1 large & 1 tiny room, furn. & close carpeted, h. & c., gas cooker, in Gardens off Gloucester Rd. Complete privacy. 66s. a week. Box 5092.

GIRL, 28, seeks another to share s/c flat. £2 5s. each. 132 Cranley Gardens, N.10. TUDor 6510.

YOUNG woman offers share bright, comfortable flat. W.6. Tel. Bus routes, Underground. Box 4681.

CHELSEA Studio (24ft. × 16ft.) apartment to let, redecorated, well-furn., grand piano. Sleeps 3. Bedroom, elec. kit., bathroom. Free now. Apply solicitor, Morris, CEN. 9981.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

ROOMS to rent in private house Hampstead Garden Suburb near Golders Green Tube. Furnished, use of kitchenette; students and teachers preferred. Tel. SPE. 3364.

VERY well-furn. sgle. large bed-sit. room—Edith Rd., W.14. FUL. 3516.

BED-sitting room, nr. Baker St. Station. H. & C. Use bath, tel. & laundry-room. Breakfast optional. Cooking facilities. 3½gns. Tel. PAD. 3579.

BEAUTIFUL dble. room all conv. for business people, near Kilburn Tube Stn. 10 Mowbray Rd., N.W.6. WIL. 3392.

3-rm. flat, well-furn., carpeted, equipped. Own toilet. Meters. Share bath. Quiet refined hse. priv. rd. N. London. Prof. pers. 3½gns. wk. inc. C.H.W. Box 5048.

GOLDERS Green. Well-furn. bed-sit. Suit business gentleman. Every comfort. Good breakfast. Phone Meadway 3151.

HIGHGATE Village: B/S rm. quiet flat. No linen/crockery. 37s. 6d.-MOU. 6471.

IDEAL sgle. "pied à terre" to let, quiet. Temple area. 3gns. p.w. Box 5083.

FURNISHED bed-sitting room nr. Warwick Ave. station. Gas-ring & gas-fire, suit business gentleman. Enquiries: CUN. 9305 after 6 p.m. Sat. & Sun. 9 a.m. to 3 p.m.

FOR gentleman: board, garage, 'phone. Lovely room. Good food. Happy unorthodox Jewish house. Very central. Box 4658.

LONDON: Homely Guest House, B.B. 10s. 6d. Ross, 136, Archway Rd. N.6. MOU. 1590.

EXCELLENT bed-sitter offered by graduate couple, good cooking facilities and bath. 47s. weekly. Tel. WEStern 4295.

GOOD "Digs" offered: situated 15 mins. from London Bridge Station. TID. 3527.

CHARMING furn. bungalow, 8 mil. N. Worthing. All amen., secluded. From 4½gns. X. 22 Belsize Ave., N.W.3.

EARLY Spring Hols. comftbly. furn. Bungalow to let, cent. Lklnd., sleep 4. Few summer wks. also vac. (not Aug.). Box 4720.

WOMAN with 2 yng. children offers share of roomy house, Newcastle on Tyne, to woman pref. with child. Box 4930.

COUPLE (childless) seek accommodation, unfurnished or partly furnished, in part return for household services. Usher, 85 Ealing Park Gardens, Ealing, W.5.

YOUNG Socialist couple desp. sk. part/unfurn. accom. Hampstead area. Anything considered. Willing pay rent in advance, decorate or baby-sit. Box 5079.

LADY reqs. 3-rm. unfurn flat, Bloomsbury/Highgate/Hampstead pref. Box 5027.

PROFESSIONAL man, bachelor, convalescent, seeks accom., bkfast., evg. meals, service, preferably N.W. Box 4825.

UNF. acc. London wntd, school teacher (widow) & grown-up son. Box 4741.

BIRMINGHAM, unfurn. accom. hopefully sought by mature student and wife (teacher); anything considered. Willing decorate, rent in advance, etc. Box 5066.

WRITER, Left views, seeks congenial and quiet accommodation, including use kitchen. Box 4679.

COMFORTABLE furnished cottage or bungalow wanted for few weeks after Easter by exile returned from Far East. Anywhere in West Country. Box 4116.

HOLIDAYS. Bungalow/cottage sleep 5 wanted 3 wks. Aug.-Sept. Quiet secluded spot on/nr. N.E coast England. Mod. rent. Holden, Glenomera, Tadworth, Surrey.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

MANUSCRIPT and Copy Typing. Attractive rates. Miss Pollack, 35 Leweston Place, N.16. Tel. STAmford Hill 6224.

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THE Hampstead Secretarial Bureau can supply First-class Secretaries by the half-day or day, and an office for private dictation for brief or lengthy periods. Plays, Novels, Theses, etc., are all typed intelligently and efficiently at top speed. Mod. charges. 2a Downshire Hill, N.W.3. HAM. 8879.

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OXFORD Languages Graduate, expd. Translator—Fr./Italian, business/literary. Mrs. Wardroper, 2 Upper Phillimore Gdns., W.8.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

QUALITYPRINT, specialists in illustrated duplicating (Half-tone and Line), also translate/print into any foreign language. 87 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1. MUS. 0380.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

THIS month's Penguins—Erle Stanley Gardner's "The Case of the Borrowed Brunette," "The Case of the Drowsy Mosquito," "The Case of the Sleepwalker's Niece," "The D.A. Calls a Turn," "Murder Up My Sleeve" (2s. each); John Wyndham—"The Day of the Triffids" (2s.); Classic—Chehov: "The Seagull and other Plays"—Tr. by Elisaveta Fen (2s.); Pelican: "Sacred Books of the World"—Ed. by A. C. Bouquet (3s. 6d.); Puffins: "Family Afloat"—Aubrey de Selincourt (2s. 6d.) Stock list from Penguin Books, Ltd., Harmondsworth, Middlesex. American readers please write 3300 Clipper Mill Road, Baltimore, Maryland.

"ULANOVA on Soviet Ballet." Illustrated booklet by Soviet prima ballerina assoluta and also I. Moiseyev (folk-dance expert) & R. Zakharov (choreographer). Ready Jan. 30. Order now. 2s 6d (post 3d). S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, London, W.8.

MERLIN. New issue. Pratolini, S. Beckett. Wainhouse on de Sade. Poems by Christopher Logue & ors. Photos. by Brassaï. 3s. 2d. fr. France Features, 15 New Row, W.C.2.

"SHAW Speaks on War" (1937 broadcast) in "The Shavian," No. 1. 2s. 6d. or by memb., incl. meetings, 15s. ($2) yearly. 45 Steeplestone Close, London, N.18.

"SEAWEED as Human Food": send 1½d. stamp for this interesting new leaflet. Herbolite Ltd. Dept. 101, 9 Wigmore St. W.1.

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc. 5s. 4d., from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

LIBRARIES, large or small, bought. And Socialist literature always. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

BERLIN Conference Special Number, February Labour Monthly: "From Cold War to What?" (R. Palme Dutt); "France A-stir" (Jacques Duclos); "Prospects in Berlin" (Gordon Schaffer); "I.G. Farben uber Alles?" (D. N. Pritt, Q.C.); Also: "Kashmir" (Edward Burton); "Lessons of the Wages Movement" (J. R. Campbell). 1s. 6d., or half-year's postal subscr. 9s., from 2N, 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

TREES. Write for January issue Journal of Men of the Trees (2s. 6d.) and details Fellowship from 16 Mulberry Walk, S.W.3.

"INTIMACY," by Jean Paul Sartre "leaves Lady Chatterley's Lover asleep at the post."—Punch. 12s. 6d. post free from Interest Books, 146 Evering Rd., N.16. Lists 6d.

BOOKS wanted. Highest prices paid for pre-war books by popular authors. Up to half published price for recent novels in fine condition. Selected titles of Reprint Society & Readers Union. Private/libraries purchased. Berger & Tims, Fiction Library Service, 159 Victoria St., W.1. 'Phone VICtoria 9827.

AMERICAN Magazines by yearly postal subscription. National Geog. Magazine, 47s. 6d.; Life (Int.), 57s 6d.; Popular Mechanics, 32s.; Popular Photography, 36s.; Complete Price List free. Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL.7924.

BOOKS, 2nd-hand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, 47 Bank St., Glasgow.

ANY book, any subject, obtainable from Staunton, 22 Knighton Park Rd., S.E.26.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

BOOK your Spring or Summer holiday now! Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick, amongst beautiful lake and mountain scenery, offers friendliness, comfort, first-class food. Anne Horner, Telephone 508.

RYE The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Central heating throughout. A pleasant place for Winter holidays. Rye 2216.

CAREFREE Caravan holidays always inexpensive, especially April, May, June, September, October. Luxury 4-berth caravans. Ideal families. South Coast suntrap, ½ mile sea. Mod. con. Southdown Caravan Park, Pagham, Bognor Regis.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses—The Bide-a-While Book. 3s. 6d., postage 2d., from N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

THE Continental (recommended by Labour Pty.) St. Leonards-on-Sea. Hastings 4571.

COUNTRY Guest House on lovely Herts.-Essex border, 27 miles London, offers ideal winter accommodation with good food, warmth, every comfort Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, near Bishop's Stortford. (Hatfield Heath 263).

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House overlkg. sea. Continental ckg. Children welc. Broch.: "Waveney," Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

CONVALESCENCE? (Bkft. in Bed); Winter Holiday? "Britain's Best Climate" (town claim). Inform. brochures free (21 illus.). Full Board 4½/6½gns. incl. gratuities, early tea, htd. bedrm. (cent. htg. everywhere). Twin beds: Slumberlands. No lift. Kindly consiserate people comment on happy atmosphere at Normanhurst P. Hotel, Seafront, St. Leonards, Sx. Opp. covered walk; nr. orch.

ROTTINGDEAN, Near Brighton, famous old seaside and downland village. Old Norton House, 25s. per day and 7gns. p.w. Central heating. Telephone 3120. Brochure. Proprietor: Donald Chapman, M.P.

CONFERENCES and Holidays. New Centre. Spring Interior Beds. Good food. Delightful grounds. Pleasant country. Terms from 10s. 6d. daily. Apply Warden, "The Mount," Haverhill, Suffolk.

HOLIDAYS with strawberries and cream in Devon. Sea-View Guesthouse adjoining 3 miles golden sands; bathing from house. Ideal surf-riding. 5-8gns. Phone 44. Mrs. Garness, Woolacombe. Also furn. bungalows.

COUNTRY Club Surrey Hills offers s/c suite or rooms. Winter terms. Moxley House, Holmbury St.-Mary, Surrey.

SNOWDONIA. Accommodation. Charming modernised cottage. Central. Hot baths. Morning tea. Early bookings advisable. Bed & breakfast 4gns. weekly. Extras as required. Packed lunch, tea, light supper. Stamp: Proprietress, "Noddfa," Beddgelert.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. If you're taking your holiday later, have a few days from work now. Enjoy fresh air, fresh food, excellent cooking. Club licence, Sharpthorne 17.

CÔTE d'Azur. Holidays at moderate inclusive terms. Typical Provençal hotel. Restaurant with first-class cuisine. All modern comforts. Reduced rates Oct. to June. Illustrated brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

THIS Spring, get your Côte d'Azur tan at the Hotel du Gros Pin, Le Brusc, Var. Hotel in own grounds by sea. Excellent cuisine. Reduced terms Sept.-June.

HUNGARIAN Club Rest., 33 Pembridge Sq. W.2. Open nightly exc. Fri. All welcome. Take advantage of the good cooking.

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NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1 (Holborn 8471)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

NEW England University College (University of Sydney), Armidale, New South Wales, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Psychology. Commencing salary will be within the range of £A650 to £A1,000 per annum according to qualifications, with annual increments of £A50 and a cost of living adjustment at present £A252 for males and £A191 for females. Salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The successful applicant will be expected to take up duties as soon as can be arranged after the date of appointment. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications in London and Australia is March 1, 1954.

UNIVERSITY of Western Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in English. The initial appointment will be for three years. The salary range is £A600 × £A50—£A1,000 per annum, to which is added a cost of living allowance of £A259 (gross salary range of £A859 × £A50—£A1,259). Applicants should have an Honours Degree in English and preferably have made some study of drama. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in London and Australia, is February 22, 1954.

LONDON County Council. Shoreditch Training College. Appointment of Principal. Shoreditch Training College, Coopers Hill, Englefield Green, Egham, Surrey, recognised as a constituent college of the University of London Institute of Education. Applications are invited for appointment as Principal from September, 1954. This training college for 265 resident and 15 men students provides two-year general courses in preparation for teaching in both primary and secondary schools. The main course in general education is largely through the medium of Handicraft. There is also a one-year supplementary specialist course in Handicraft. Present salary scale of £1,400 × £50—£1,600 plus residential emoluments, is subject to review from April 1, 1954, in the light of any general revision of Training College scales. Application forms, further particulars and details of accommodation and residential emoluments obtainable from the Education Officer (TS 10), County Hall, S.E.1, to whom completed applicatidns should be returned. Closing date Feb. 6.

LONDON County Council. Appointment of Principal and Headmaster. Voluntary Controlled Grammar Schools, George Green's School, East India Dock Road, E.14. Accommodation for 340 boys and girls aged 11-18+, providing courses leading to G.C.E. (ordinary, advanced and scholarship levels). Applications invited for appointment as Principal (man or woman). Vacant September, 1954. Roll in September, 1953—259. Burnham Group VII based on average unit total of 664 for 1950-52. St. Marylebone Grammar School, 248 Marylebone Road, N.W.1. Accommodation for about 500 boys aged 11-18+, providing courses leading to G.C.E. (ordinary, advanced and scholarship levels). Applications invited for appointment as Headmaster. Vacant September, 1954. Roll in September, 1953—512. Burnham Group XIV based on average unit total of 1,361 for 1950-52. Apply on form EO/TS 10 Secondary (TS 10B for candidates who have completed form TS 10 since June, 1952, and have nothing to add) obtainable, with further particulars, from Education Officer (EO/TS 10), County Hall, S.E.1, specifying for which post it is intended to apply. Closing date February 6. (15)

SOLICITOR required to take charge of Legal Department of large Industrial concern in North West with Head Office in Manchester. Applicants must be experienced and energetic lawyers who will take a real interest in the activities of the concern, be able to run a busy office concerned with commercial and general work and a substantial amount of common law litigation. Salary will be according to qualifications, but not less than £2,000 per annum. Applications should be submitted by February 12, to Box 5007.

GROUP 52 Hospital Management Committee. Holloway Sanatorium, Virginia Water, Surrey. Applications are invited for the appointment of Clinical Psychologist at the above mental hospital. Appointment is full-time, non-resident. Salary and conditions of service will be in accordance with the Whitley Council terms for hospital professional and technical staff. Salary on scale £565-£665 if between ages 25-29 according to age, and commencing at £690 rising to £805 at age 30 or over. Applications should be sent to Physician Superintendent giving full details of qualifications and exp. within 3 weeks of the date of this advertisement.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COMMISSIONS in the Women's Royal Air Force. Applications are invited from women over 18½ and under 37 to train as officers in the W.R.A.F. Initial appointments are for short service commissions—generally five years. Pay begins at £242 p.a. and can rise to £1,163 for those selected for long-service commissions. Free accommodation and rations or allowance in lieu. All candidates must pass a selection and a medical board. There are two methods of entry. For a commission, granted after technical and officer training, in the Secretarial, Equipment or Fighter Control branches, candidates must be educated to G.C.E. (ordinary level) or Scottish Leaving Certificate standard. For direct commissions in the Technical Education, Catering, Equipment or Secretarial branches, applicants should possess a university degree or the Intermediate Certificate of appropriate professional examinations, but those with sufficient practical experience will also be considered. Full details from: Air Ministry, A.R.1.(D.28), Adastral House, London, W.C.2.

B.B.C. requires News Assistant in Cardiff to prepare and broadcast objective and accurate reports and collect and edit news for use in news bulletins and programmes. Thorough knowledge of Wales and Welsh language essential. Journalistic experience, including good sub-editorial training, and good microphone voice desirable. Salary £870 (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,175 maximum. Requests for Application Forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "21" N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited from graduates (men) for a post of Research Assistant in the School of Social Studies, to begin duties as soon as possible. An interest in Industrial Sociology would be an advantage. Salary £400-£450 according to experience, with F.S.S.U. provision and family allowance. Applications (4 copies) should reach the Registrar (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than February 6, 1954.

UNIVERSITY of Sheffield. Applications are invited for the post of Research Secretary in the School of Social Studies. Duties include responsibility for the collection of certain published material, as well as typing, clerical work and some simple computing. A qualification in social science would be an advantage, but is not essential. Salary up to £360 p.a., according to experience and qualifications. Applications to the Bursar, The University, Sheffield 10, as soon as possible, from whom further particulars can be obtained if required.

CHILDREN'S Service—London County Council requires qualifd. woman teacher for appt. as Superintendent of Nanhurst Residential Nursery, nr. Cranleigh, Surrey (at present organised as a nursery school for children aged 2-7 years). Comparable res. ch. care expce. essential. Salary: approp. Burnham scale plus head teacher's allowance of £75 and emols. of board, lodging, etc. Applic. form and details (S.A.E.) from Children's Officer (CH/A2/14), County Hall, London, S.E.1.

ESSEX Education Committee, Borough of Ilford. Amended advertisement. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker at the Ilford Child Guidance Clinic. Candidates should possess the Mental Health Certificate of the University of London or other approved certificate or diploma. Salary in accordance with the current scale of the Whitley Councils for the Health Services (Great Britain), maximum £640 per annum, plus London Weighting. Application to be made by letter, giving full details of age, qualifications and experience, to the Borough Education Officer, Town Hall, Ilford, within 14 days of appearance of this advertisement.

SOCIO-Psychiatric Research. 18 months project. Assistant required, office experience and typing essential. Salary and conditions of service according to Whitley Scale, clerical staffs Grade B. Applications, with full particulars, and the names of two referees to the Physician Superintendent, Crichton Royal, Dumfries.

WHY Not Be a Nurse? Do you know that you can train under delightful conditions in England's loveliest county, and be paid during training an allowance of £225—£250 a year, plus dependant's allowance? Modern Nurses' Home with separate bedrooms and splendid recreational facilities are provided. Dartford is 15 miles from London, with excellent train and bus services to the Metropolis, the coast and all parts of the Kent countryside. Write to the Matron, The West Hill Hospital, Dartford, Kent, for full particulars.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Resident staff required for Home in country at Tendring, near Clacton, accommodating 11 children, namely, House Mother in Charge: min. salary £335 p.a.; Assistant House Mother; min. salary £300 p.a. Both less £100 p.a. emoluments. Previous experience of similar work essential for House Mother and desirable for Assistant. Preference given to candidates with some training. Separate bedrooms, no accommodation for officers' children. Pensionable posts with salaries and conditions in accordance with National Joint Council's Scheme. Apply—Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

PART-TIME resident tutor in English required for foreign students—15 hours p.w. only—Denmark Hill area. Box 4770.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PUBLISHERS (Periodicals): well-known London firm requires young man (Nat. Serv. completed) or woman as advertisement representative. Must be willing & able to sell. Write fully Box 4925.

PUBLICITY Manager with experience of photography, copy writing for Sales Promotion work, catalogues, bulletins for expanding Manufacturers of Earthmoving Equipment. Age 30-45. Engineering experience or interest a help. Apply Secretary, Priestman Brothers, Ltd., Hull.

RESPONSIBLE young man with knowledge of the printing trade, to be trained for progress management. Printing and publishing office in S.E. country town. Accommodation might be arranged. State experience, age, if married, salary. Box 4826.

ASSISTANT (male) to Author (London) 2-3 afternoons weekly, mainly typing. Suit young writer with own portable. Write fully stating payment required. Box 4926.

FAMILY Service Units req. resident caseworkers, both men and women, for the extension of their pioneer work with problem families in many parts of the country. Resid. with pay during initial training period. Apply F.S.U., 159 Westbourne Gr., London, W.11.

CITY of Oxford Children's Department. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant House Mother (resident). Family Group Home in Oxford. Salary: £300 × £15—£345 per annum, less £100 per annum for board, lodging and laundry. Application Forms and further particulars from the City Children's Officer, 10 Worcester Street.

ASSISTANT Secretary wanted for Stepney Old People's Welfare Association. Secretarial training and experience essential, some experience of social work an advantage. Salary according to age and experience. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, to be made to the Secretary, Stepney Old People's Welfare Association, Royal Foundation of Saint Katharine, Butcher Row, Ratcliffe, E.14.

YOUNG man to be trained as a salesman in adhesives by North London Glue Manufacturer. Excellent opportunity for right man. Apply Box 4389.

YOUNG woman offered home, immediate position with scope. Share select Country House guest business expanding. Small capital desirable. Interested children, good food, healthy country living. Box 4690.

VOLUNTARY Organisation invites applications from women of good education for two posts as Assistant Secretaries in London. (1) For Organisation must be accustomed to keeping records and co-ordinating plans. (2) For Education able to take charge of educational activities and some editorial work. Knowledge of committee procedure and ability to type essential. Starting salary £400-£450 per annum according to qualification. Application forms on request to Box 5055.

INSTITUTE of Psychiatry requires Secretary Computor, woman, age 18-27. Whitley Council Grade A salary scale. Ordinary secretarial duties with shorthand and typing. Some computing required but successful applicant will be trained if necessary. Varied appointment. Application forms, to be returned within seven days, from Secretary, Institute of Psychiatry, Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

THE Labour Party has vacancies for fully qualified shorthand-typists at Head Office. Good speeds essential. Salaries on a scale agreed with the appropriate trade unions. Applications, in writing, to Morgan Phillips, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, S.W.1.

MEDICAL Secretary (Psychiatric Out-Patient Department) required at Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children, Hackney Rd., E.2. Good shorthand and typing speeds essential. Salary in range £200 p.a. (age 18) to £305 p.a. (age 25), rising to £345 p.a. Lunch and tea avail. Applications, quoting 2 referees, to be sent to the Secretary within 7 days.

NATIONAL Voluntary Organisation requires, owing to expansion, general clerk for busy travel office. Interesting work for someone with a head for figures and with an interest in foreign travel. Letters only, with details of experience to date and salaries earned, to Ramblers' Association Services, 48 Park Road, Baker Street, London, N.W.1.

PRIVATE Secretary (Jewess) required Maida Vale district. Interesting Communal work. Must have initiative, intelligence; good shorthand-typist. Hebrew typewriting an advantage but not essential. Write stating qualifications and salary required to Box 5060.

INTELLIGENT and imaginative young woman required by West End Coat and Suit House, able to sketch and have good deportment. Measurements: bust 35in, hips 39in, waist 27in, height in stockinged feet 5ft 4in-5ft 5in. Reply to Box 4870, but only if measurements are exactly to requirements.

BURNETTS have such wonderful jobs! Films—advertising—gowns—export. All these and many more available to educated young women at Burnett Bureau. Call 77 Dean St., W.1, and see for yourself!

SHORTHAND-typist, able, quick and intelligent, for interesting post, good prospects, with progressive social service assocn. Send particulars in the first instance, stating salary required, to E.I.B.A., 32 Old Burlington St., London, W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

OXFORD & District Hospital Management Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Almoner-in-sole-charge to the Geriatric and any other services of the Oxford & District Hospital Management Committee. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with the Whitley Council Scale. Applications giving full particulars of previous experience, with copies of testimonials, to be sent to The Secretary, 17 St. Michael's Street, Oxford, not later than February 20, 1954.

SHORTHAND-Typist required by Press Agency. Good education and knowledge office routine an advantage. State age, experience. Box 4755.

INTELLIGENT and imaginative young woman required by West End Coat and Suit House, able to sketch and have good deportment. Measurements: bust 35in, hips 39in, waist 27in, height in stockinged feet 5ft 2in. Reply to Box 4871, but only if measurements are exactly to requirements.

MAIDS, M. Helps, "Au Pair" (pay own fares) from abroad. Maida Vale Bur., 444 Edgware Rd., W.2. Pad. 7424/Wil. 3857.

GOOD secretarial posts, permanent and temporary, available for educated women. St. Stephen's, 38 Parliament Street, S.W.1.

COOK reqd. for community school for maladjusted children, family atmosphere, good conditions for understanding person. Apply Principal, Shotton Hall, Harmer Hill, Shrewsbury.

BENEVOLENT Assocn. rqs. handyman for its Surrey home. Work in house and on estate. Must have real skill at a fair variety of jobs. Accom. provided. Box 4873.

LADY resident cook-housekeeper, pref. Continental, reqd. from middle Feb., Kensington area. Age about 30. Box 4915.

WANTED immed. for small health home, gen. assistant, vegetarian cooking exper. or one willing learn. Good wages. Box 5025.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

CAPABLE executive (37) with 12 years Far Eastern commercial administrative experience, seeks position of responsibility in virtually any sphere; adaptable, cheerful, conscientious and hard working. Box 4908.

PSYCHO Phil., 29, needs job. Very humble. Pathetic case. Quick. Box 4843.

MAN in fifties, temperamental, vitriolic, with sense of humour (acid). Hard & conscientious worker, varied experience, social work, theatre, & very domesticated, urgently reqs. job, resident/non-resident. Numerous references, including lawyer's. Box 4766.

STONEMASON, carver, letter-cutter, Nat. Dip. Sculpture, 28, no ties, sks. new post on restoration/creative work. Box 4568.

PUBLISHER'S representative, 37, own car, seeks change. Box 4539.

WOMAN, Arts Graduate (Hons.), fluent Russian, German, French, seeks interesting work. Box 4768.

GERMAN Teacher, 33, ex-British Army Intelligence Corps, sks. technical/social welfare post. Reply Ken Levy, 35 Friedrich-Engles Strasse, Elmshorn-Holstein, Germany.

POST requiring intelligence and writing ability sought by young woman, University, W.R.N.S. Trained secretary (shorthand rusty), varied experience. Box 4787.

EDITORIAL assistantship or other interesting, creative post reqd. by experienced writer under 30, with radical views, energy and varied interests. Box 4777.

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CO-OPERATIVE College, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leicestershire. Principal—R. L. Marshall, O.B.E., M.A. This adult residential College includes a department of social studies and a course for the Diploma in Social Science for external students awarded by the University of Nottingham. Scholarships available at a minimum value of £185 per session: in addition a Research Scholarship of value £280-£300 for research into the development of the Co-operative Movement. Full information from the College Administrative Officer.

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PERSONAL

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

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MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Sat. 6 & 8.30. Sun., mems. 7.45. Tues.-Fri. 7.45 only, "Richard II."

ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7 (ex. M.) St. Sun. 5 & 8. "Crime & Punishment." Mems. 5s. yr.

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EVERYMAN, HAM 1525. Cocteau Season. Until Jan. 24: "L'Eternel Retour" (A). From Jan. 25: "Orpheus" (A).

NAT. Film Th. Sth. Bk. Wat. 3232. Sat., Jan. 23. Erich Von Stroheim, Anne Baxter in "Five Graves to Cairo" (A). Dir. B. Wilder, 1.30, 3.45, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 3520. Sun., Jan. 24, 7.30. "The Strange Woman" (A) Amer.

IRVING, Leics. Sq. Whi. 8657. Final perfs. "Afsana," an Indian Feature Film, Sat. (2.45), Sun. (2.45), Mon. (7). Mems. 5s.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Monday, Jan. 25, 8.15 p.m. Films: Early Chaplin films, introduced by Hubert Waley. Members 2s., guests 3s.

GORKY'S "Apprenticeship." Film show. Tues., Jan 26, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Adm. 2s. 6d. (Students & S.C.R. 2s.).

TRAVEL Forum and Film Show, February 3, 6.30 p.m. Chelsea Town Hall, Kings Rd., S.W.3. Travel Films of Spain, Yugoslavia, Norway, Austria and Corsica will be shown and Travel Experts will answer your questions. Tickets 2s. 6d., from Erna Low Travel Service, 47 (N.S.) Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

DANCING—For members and friends at the Hungarian Club, 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2 on Sun. Admission: members 2s., guests 2s. 6d.

YOU can dance evenings in Swiss Cottage at "La Cage," 137 Finchley Rd.; Licd. Bar, buffet, open till after midnight. Mems. 10s. 6d. ½-yr. Entrance: Wkdys. Mems. & Guests Free. Wkend. Guests 5s.

DANCING at I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1., Sat. evgs. 8-11 to Dave De Vere, Jazz pianist & percussion. Members 2s. 6d., non-members 4s. 6d. Membership invited.

CONCERTS

VICTORIA and Albert Museum, S.W.7. Sunday, January 24, at 8 p.m. The English Opera Group presents Peter Pears and Benjamin Britten (who will definitely appear). Songs by Purcell and Britten, including "Winter Words." Lyrics and Ballads by Thomas Hardy. (First London Perf.) Tickets: Res. 9s., 6s., Unres. 3s., from Ibbs & Tillett (WEL. 8418) & Usual Agents. (On Concert night only at Museum.)

ROYAL Festival Hall. Tues., Feb. 2 at 8. Italian String Quartet. Prog. of Quartets: No. 3 in E flat, Op. 58 (Boccherini); B flat Op. 18 No 6 (Beethoven); G, K.387 (Mozart). WATerloo 3191 and Agents.

PROKOFIEV, 7th Symphony, &c. Tape-recording recital. Sun., Jan. 24, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Adm. 1s. (Students & S.C.R. 6d.).

BACH Cantatas 38 & 64, Arias, Trio-Sonata. Sebastian Singers, cond. Francis Oakes, Ilse Wolf, Rosemary Phillips, John Glickman, Sybil Copeland. Jan. 30 at 8 p.m. Mahatma Gandhi Hall, 41 Fitzroy Sq., W.1.

LUNCH-Hour Recitals: Church of St. Thomas, Regent Street. Thursday, January 28, at 1.5 p.m.: Rosemary Utting, violin, and Karel Janovicky, piano: sonatas by Mozart, Honegger, & Brahms. Adm. free.

SATURDAY Afternoon Concerts: Church of St. Thomas, Regent St., Jan. 30, at 3 p.m. Jan. Sedivka Chamber Orchestra, Philip Jones (trumpet): works by Bach, Gibbons, Ireland and Mozart. Adm. free.

POLISH Folk Songs: First recital of folk songs from central Poland, recorded by the famous "Mazowsze" youth choir. Programme introduced by Roy Sear. Polish Cultural Inst., 81 Portland Pl., W.1. 8 p.m. tonight, Fri., Jan. 22. Adm. free. Refreshments.

EXHIBITIONS

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18, Dover Street, W.1. George Keyt: Paintings & Drawings from Ceylon. Daily 10.30-6, closed Sundays. Members free, non-members 1s.

IRVING Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leicester Square. Recent Paintings by Peter Brannan and Denis Lucas. Until Feb. 13.

BRIGHTON Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10-5 including Sundays

MODERN Art in Finland Arts Council Exhibition of paintings, sculpture, glass, ceramics, textiles, furniture, etc. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Closes Jan. 23. Fri., Sat., 10-8. Admission 1s.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

DUFY. Arts Council Exhibition of paintings and drawings. Tate Gallery. Open till Feb. 7. Week-days 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6 Admission 1s.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Pic and Peter Potworowski: closing Sat., Jan. 23. From Jan. 26: Recent Paintings by Alan Davie, & 1st London Exhib. of Dublin Painter, Thurloe Conolly.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Some Rising Painters. Also Five French Painters of the second generation of Post-Impressionism.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Paintings by Susana Simon. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Recent paintings by Margaret Marks; N. Alexander; A. Garstin, and a selection of paintings by Russian emigré artists. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes Jan. 30.

CHINESE Blue and White Porcelain, 14th to 19th centuries. Exhibition organized by the Oriental Ceramic Society. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Closes Jan. 23. Fri., Sat. 10-6. Admission free.

ADAMS Gallery, 24 Davies St., London, W.1. V. Bell, A. John, O.M., R.A., M. Smith, A. Clutton-Brock, R. de Maistre, R. Spear, A.R.A., D. Grant, B. Robb, C. Weight, K. Rowntree, R. Buhler, A.R.A., E. Wakeford.

THE French Book of Today. An exhibition of 3,000 volumes in all fields from children's books to scientific works. Opening Jan. 26, 3 p.m., until Feb. 6. Central Hall, Westminster Adm. free. Weekdays incl. Saturday, 10-5.30, Tuesdays & Thursdays 10-8.

W. SOMERSET Maugham. In honour of Mr. Maugham's 80th birthday, The Times Bookshop is holding an Exhibition of Manuscripts and First Editions. January 27 to February 2. Admission free. The Times Bookshop, Wigmore Street, London, W.1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. S.E.A. Pictures for Schools Exhibition. Painting, sculpture, pottery. January 24-February 14. Tuesday to Saturday, 11-6. Sunday 2-6. Closed Monday. Admission free.

BOROUGH Bottega Exhibition by courtesy of the British Council at Black Hall, St. Giles, Oxford. Work by David Bomberg (Hon. Life Member) and members. Cecil Bailey, Ian Gordon, Anthony Hatwell, Lilian Holt, Dinora Mendelson, Richard Michelmor: (Hon. Sec). Daily 9.15—6 p.m., Sunday 2-6 p.m. Jan. 26-Feb. 7.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Paintings by David Russell and Bruce Hollingsworth. Until Feb. 12.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Exhibition by Justin Daraniyagala, Ceylonese painter. Jan. 13 to Feb. 6, 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Alan Clutton-Brock. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30. Closing January 26.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leics. Sq. 6 Ceylonese Painters. Jan. 12-30. Dly. 11-6, inc. Saturdays. Admission free.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. English Drawings—Moore, Dobson, S. Spencer, P. Nash, Gross, J. Nash, Ardizzone, Bawden, Searle, W. Lewis, Lowry, etc., Jan. 18-Feb. 13. Wkdys. 10-6, inc. Sats.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

PROF. H. Brugmans, Rector of the College of Europe, gives talk: "Towards a European Consciousness—practical experiments in cultural field," at Broome Park, near Canterbury, Friday, Jan. 29, 3 p.m. Violin Recital (Miles Baster & B. Woods), 5.30. Concurrent show of paintings (A. Bates, M. Bligh Bond). Lodging facilities. Enquiries to "Broome-Bearers' Society" (address above).

PROG. Bus. Men's Forum. "Do Germany & Japan Threaten Britain's Trade?" A discussion between Lt.-Col. Wentworth Schofield, M.P. (Cons.) (Secretary Yarn Spinners Assn.) and Mr. Ernest Thornton, M.P. (Labour) (Secretary United Textile Factory Workers Assn.) on Thursday, Jan. 28, at 7.45 p.m., at the Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. May 4245 for reservations.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Wed., January 27, 8.15. Reading: Humphrey Lyttelton will read extracts from his forthcoming autibiography. Members 1s. 6d., guests 2s. 6d.

HERBERT Howarth, Director National Book League, will speak on "The Influence of Books," on Friday, Jan. 29, 8.15 p.m. London Branch Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2 (off Leinster Terrace or Devonshire Terrace). All welcome.

MOUNTAINEERING Assocn. Lect. by George C. Band (Member of 1953 Mount Everest Expedition), on "The Ascent of Mount Everest," at Church House, Great Smith St., S.W.1, on Tues., Wed. & Thurs., Jan. 26, 27 & 28, 7.15 each evg. 5s. at door.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Thursday, January 28, 6.30 p.m. Lecture by Sir Gerald Kelly, P.R.A., on: "Flemish Art at the Royal Academy" (Lantern Slides). Admission free.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Friday, January 29, 1 p.m. Lunch-time Talk in English by Mr. Roger Paquet, on: "The European Coal and Steel Community." Admission free.

FOUR-Power Talks and Germany. Public Rally. Make the talks succeed—Stop the rebirth of German Militarism. Speakers include Gordon Schaffer, Rev. J. Bozzis, John Elton. Wed., Jan. 27, 7.30, at St. Pancras Town Hall, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Tkts. 6d. from LPF, 81 City Rd., E.C.1. or at door.

CENTRAL London Fabian Socy. Wed., Jan. 27, at 7.30 p.m. Lord Listowel: "The Colonial Record of the Present Government." St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Vis. 2s.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association. Professor V. Gordon Childe, Director of the Institute of Archæology, on "The Marxist Interpretation of History." Arts Theatre Club, W.C.2, at 8 p.m. on Monday, January 25. Members only.

HIGH Wycombe Town Hall: Dean of Canterbury & Mrs. Pritt, on "Peace." Jan. 27, 7.45 p.m. Bucks Peace Council.

SHAW Soc.: Eliz. Sprigge on "Gertrude Stein." 7 Albemarle St., W.1, Jan. 29, 7 p.m. 1s. 6d. or memb., inc. "Shavian," 15s. ($2) year. Lects. (by sec. Eric Batson) arr.

PERSONALIST Group: Gordon Rattray Taylor on "Sex in History," Conway Hall, Wed., January 27, at 7.30 p.m.

CARE of Women & Children in U.S.S.R. Lecture: Dr. Phyllis Dobbs (recent visitor to U.S.S.R.). Thurs., Jan. 28, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (Students & S.C.R. 1s.).

INDIA Day celebration, Tuesday, January 26, Kingsway Hall, W.C.2, 7 p.m. Chairman, Reginald Sorensen, M.P. Speakers: C. R. Attlee, Sir Walter Monckton, Canon L. J. Collins, V. K. Krishna Menon. Pageant of India with songs, music and folk dance. Reserved seats 2s. 6d. and 1s. from The India League, 47, Strand, W.C.2.

THE London Jewish Society. Mr. Charles Landstone, O.B.E., the well-known dramatic critic, novelist and playwright, on "The Jewish Contribution to the Arts," Thursday, January 28, 8 p.m. Arts Theatre Club, Great Newport St., Leicester Sq., W.C.2. All welcome; visitors 2s. 6d.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday at 7 p.m. Jan. 26 Hector Hawton, "Second Thoughts on the Kinsey Reports." Admission free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m. Friday, Jan. 29. D. Lewis, "Art in Advertising."

DR. Paul Senft: "Social Psychiatry and Better Living." Hampstead Ethical Soc., 783 Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cinema, Golders Green, Sunday, Jan. 24, at 7.15 p.m.

E. BURCHETT: "Toys and Fairy Tales in Education." New Generation Group, Stanfield House, Prince Arthur Rd., nr. Hampstead Tube, Mon., Jan. 25, at 8 p.m.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists: Lectures Suns. 7 p.m., 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Public Lecture Wed., Jan. 27, 6.30 p.m. "Old Wine and New Bottles," Mr. R. Percheron. Read "The Middle Way," the Journal of The Buddhist Society.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Jan. 30 at 6 p.m. Ldo. Ortiz De Zarate: "Musica espagñola popular."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock. Jan. 24, Royston Pike, "Strange Sects of Today." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

"COMMUNIST Ethics." Public lecture by Dr C. A. Smith, M.A., 7.30, Mon., Jan. 25, Friends House, Euston Rd. Adm. 1s. 6d.

AFRO-West Indian S. & C. Socy., 245 Harrow Rd., W.2. Sun., Jan. 24, 7 p.m. Lecture: "Kenya Problem." Speakers: Mr. Murumbi & Conservative representative.

THINKING it out—logic from a new angle: Feb. 5-7 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon, led by Harold Walsby.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Work." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., Jan. 24, 6.30 p.m.

CHESSER, Dr. Eustace. Lecture on "The Psychology of the Scapegoat." In the chair: Sir Gerald Barry. Monday, January 25, 8 p.m. A.I. Club, 43-44, Gt. Windmill Street, Piccadilly, W. 1.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

BIRMINGHAM area. Free 10-week Course in Basic Economics and Social Philosophy begins Jan. 29 (evenings). Write for prospectus and full particulars to Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Great Smith St., London, S.W.1.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

RACIAL Unity: University Extension Lectures "Problems of Racial Relations," by Mr. E. B. Ndem, B.A., 32 Tavistock Sq., 7 p.m. Jan. 25, "Negro-White Inter-relationship." Members free, sub. 5s.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on "English Landowners, 1600-1800" will be given by Professor H. J. Habakkuk (Oxford) at 5 p.m. on February 1, 8 and 15 at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures will be given by Dr. Svetozar Radojcic (Belgrade) on (i) "Serbian XIIIth Century Miniatures in the light of recent examination of the Illuminated MSS on Mt. Athos" at 5 p.m. on January 28 at the School of Slavonic and East European Studies (Masaryk Hall), University of London, W.C.1, and (ii) "Byzantium and the Occident in Serbian XIVth Century Painting" at 5 p.m. on February 5 at the Courtauld Institute of Art, 20 Portman Square, W.1. The lectures will be delivered in French. Admission free, without ticket.

"THE Cinema in Britain To-day." Eight public lectures Tuesdays at 6.30, beginning Jan. 26. Speakers include: Roger Manvell (Structure and Problems of the Industry), T. E. B. Clarke (Writing for the Screen), Bernard Miles (Acting for the Films), Paul Rotha (The Documentary Film), R. J. Spottiswoode (Recent Technical Developments), Miss E. Arnot Robertson (Critics and Criticism), Henry Cornelius (The Work of the Director). Course tickets 7s. 6d. Single lectures 2s. 6d. Tickets & details: Sec., Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd., S.E.1. WAT. 6872.

"THE Man-Woman Relationship." Progressive League Week-end Conference. Feb 19-21, at Bracklesham Bay Hotel, nr. Chichester. Chairman, Tom Hopkinson. Programme: G. Rattray Taylor: "The Sexes in History," Dr. James Taylor: "Childhood and Sexual Development," Dr. Stella Churchill: "Some Sexual Difficulties in Everyday Life." Dr. Culver Barker: "The Dilemma of Personality," Dorothy Hopkinson: "The New Adam in Relation to the New Eve." Fees £2 15s., single and double rooms 5s. extra per head. Apply A. C. Rankin, 43 West Park, London, S.E.9 (Enquiries ELT. 1761 before 6 p.m.).

PUBLIC Speaking: A series of six classes beginning Thursday, February 11. For particulars and enrolment apply Fawcett Society, 50 Tufton Street, S.W.1.

BIOCHEMIC Therapy a course of 16 lectures by Dr. Henry Gilbert—Feb. 2. Dets. Biochemic Centre, 80 Mortimer St., W.1.

HANOVER School of Modern Languages. Group preparing for Interpreters' Exam. of Institute of Linguists, English-German. Other groups for German and English for Foreigners. 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO. 7347.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Diploma in Social Science. The College offers, in October 1954, a full-time course extending over two Sessions leading to the Diploma in Social Science. For graduates the length of the course may be reduced to one Session. Full details and forms of application may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea.

GOING Abroad this year? The Pelman Languages Institute teaches French, German, Spanish, Italian without the use of English; the method is explained in four little books, one for each language; write for book and specimen lessons, sent gratis, post free. (Reduced fees for H.M. Forces.) Pelman Languages Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St., London, W.1.

ERIC de Peyer, late of the Isobel Cripps Centre, is now teaching the Alexander method at 7 Wellington Sq., S.W.3. (SLO. 3141.) This method teaches you how to keep poised but relaxed and to undo tensions causing chronic discomfort or pain.

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LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes, or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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